



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

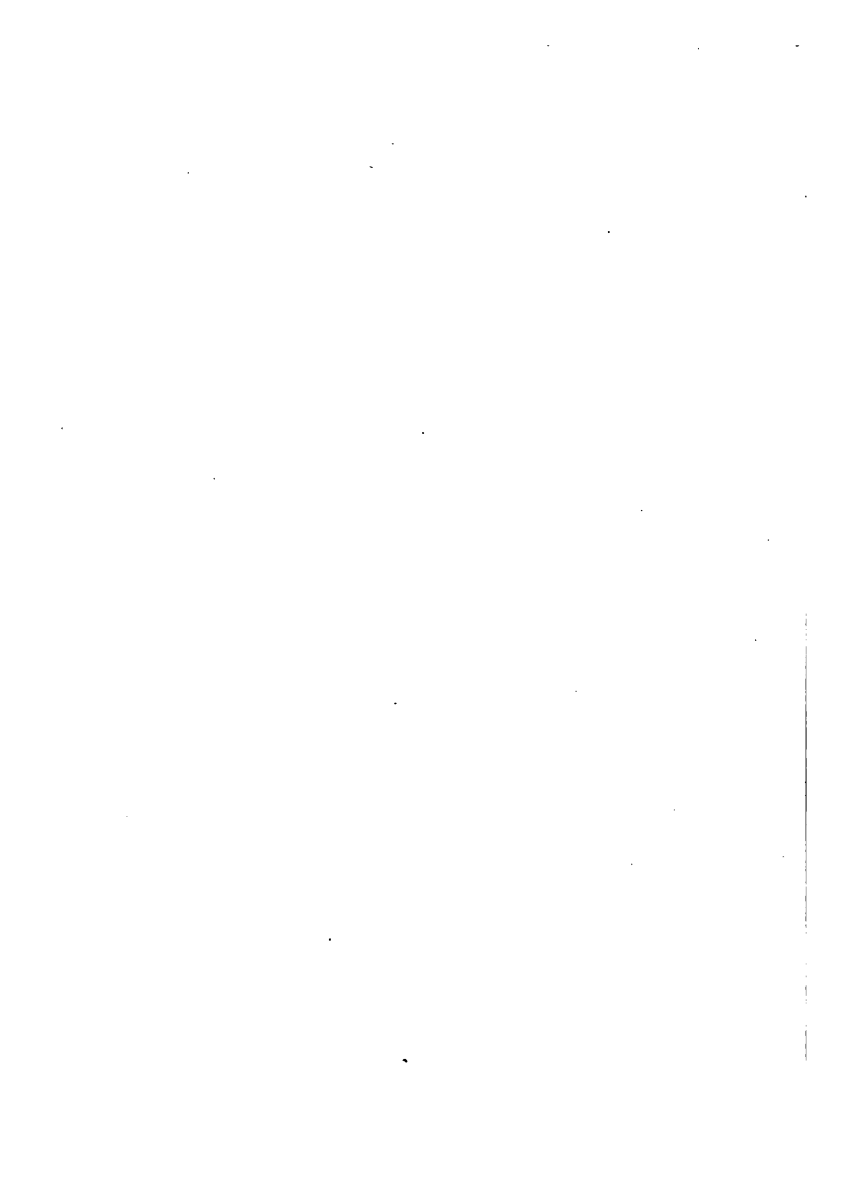
11442
69.47

Harvard College
Library

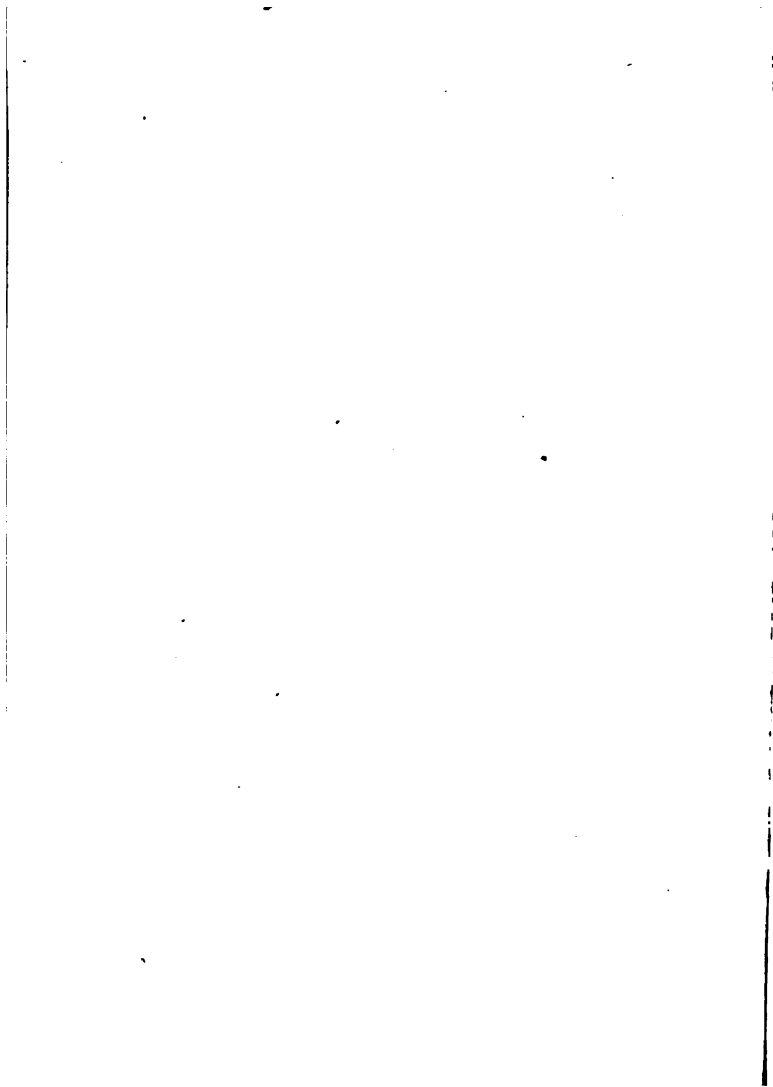


FROM THE ESTATE OF
MRS. CHARLES ROBERT SANGER
OF CAMBRIDGE

RECEIVED FEBRUARY 19, 1936



With the love of
Lucy Larson,



°
BREATHINGS
OF
THE BETTER LIFE.

EDITED BY

LUCY LARCOM.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED.



BOSTON :
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.
1881.

11442.69.47

✓ HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE ESTATE OF
MRS. CHARLES ROBERT SANGER
FEBRUARY 19, 1936

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON & SON.
CAMBRIDGE.

PREFATORY.

THE purpose of this little book is to blend a few brief utterances of the elder saints with words spoken by some of the most earnest and reverent thinkers of our own day ; to echo, from the high grounds of faith and aspiration, voices that cannot fail to inspire the traveller struggling upward to a better life.

The arrangement by which the leading thought of each selection is linked with some Scriptural passage, and portion of poem or hymn, has been made with reference to its social use.

As a volume of extracts, it may win a welcome from those who cannot own many books, for bringing them into acquaintance with authors who, in ages and regions widely separated, have spoken clearly of the unselfish life which Jesus came to teach and to inspire ; of walking with God, and

entering, by that Divine intimacy, into closer sympathy with human nature ; of obedience to Right, and loving self-sacrifice, as the only principles of true living on earth, and of Heaven as the outgrowth of those principles, the fulfilment of the noblest aims and yearnings of the soul.

No regard has been paid to peculiarities of name or sect in making quotations. Whatever thought has seemed spiritually deepest, or of strongest practical force, has been written down as a sure word of prophecy from heart to heart. The endeavor has been, from passages expressing the right theory and sentiment of religion, to shape an every-day manual, answering to a general need ; one of those small books, filled with great thoughts, which are a real help to men and women, and which may accompany them to the workshop, the camp, or the sick-room, unobtrusive and restful as the presence of a friend.

The soul, cramped among the petty vexations of earth, needs to keep its windows constantly open to the invigorating air of large and free

ideas: and what thought is so grand as that of an ever-present God, in whom all that is vital in humanity breathes and grows? The want of every human being is a wider expansion to receive from Him, and to give of His; fuller inspirations and outbreathings of that Spirit by which man is created anew in Him, a living soul.

Religion is life inspired by Heavenly Love; and life is something fresh and cheerful and vigorous. To forget self, to keep the heart buoyant with the thought of God, and to pour forth this continual influx of spiritual health heavenward in praise, and earthward in streams of blessing,—this is the essence of human, saintly, and angelic joy; the genuine Christ-life, the one life of the saved, on earth or in heaven.

For the Christian must be filled with one spirit, guided by one standard throughout his whole existence. The same refreshing breezes visit him while toiling through the Valley of Humiliation, or climbing the Delectable Mountains; resting in the land of Beulah, or passing through the

Dark River made bright by the faces of shining ones leaning from the other side. In the falterings and the triumphs of his course, his need is the same: the air that strengthens him, the only air in which he can breathe freely, is the pure atmosphere of Light and Love that flows down to him from his Father's House, through the open gates of the Beautiful City, and over the Celestial Hills

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

THE compiler of this volume is grateful that the welcome it has received and the good it has done are reasons for offering it in a new and less expensive edition. Messages have come to her from sick-rooms, and from the lips of the dying, bearing testimony to the comfort received through its pages, as well as from those who have found in it helpful suggestions for every-day life.

The feeling that those who have lived nearest God on earth, using talent, culture, and eloquence as means of communicating His truth to men, are those whose words must throw most light upon the mystery of ourselves, as human beings with immortal destinies, accounts for the many extracts from one writer,—Rev. Frederick W. Robertson,—than whom almost no one has

spoken to our age with deeper spiritual penetration or a manlier sympathy.

The great, simple truth in the utterance of which he lived and died—the presence of God in humanity through His Son, to uplift it from the darkness and sorrow of sin into His own glory, the glory of goodness—is the highest element of power in all religious teaching, and is the one luminous answer to the perplexing questions which life and death are always forcing upon us. Whatever science and philosophy may do for mankind, the world can never outgrow its need of the simplicity that is in Christ.

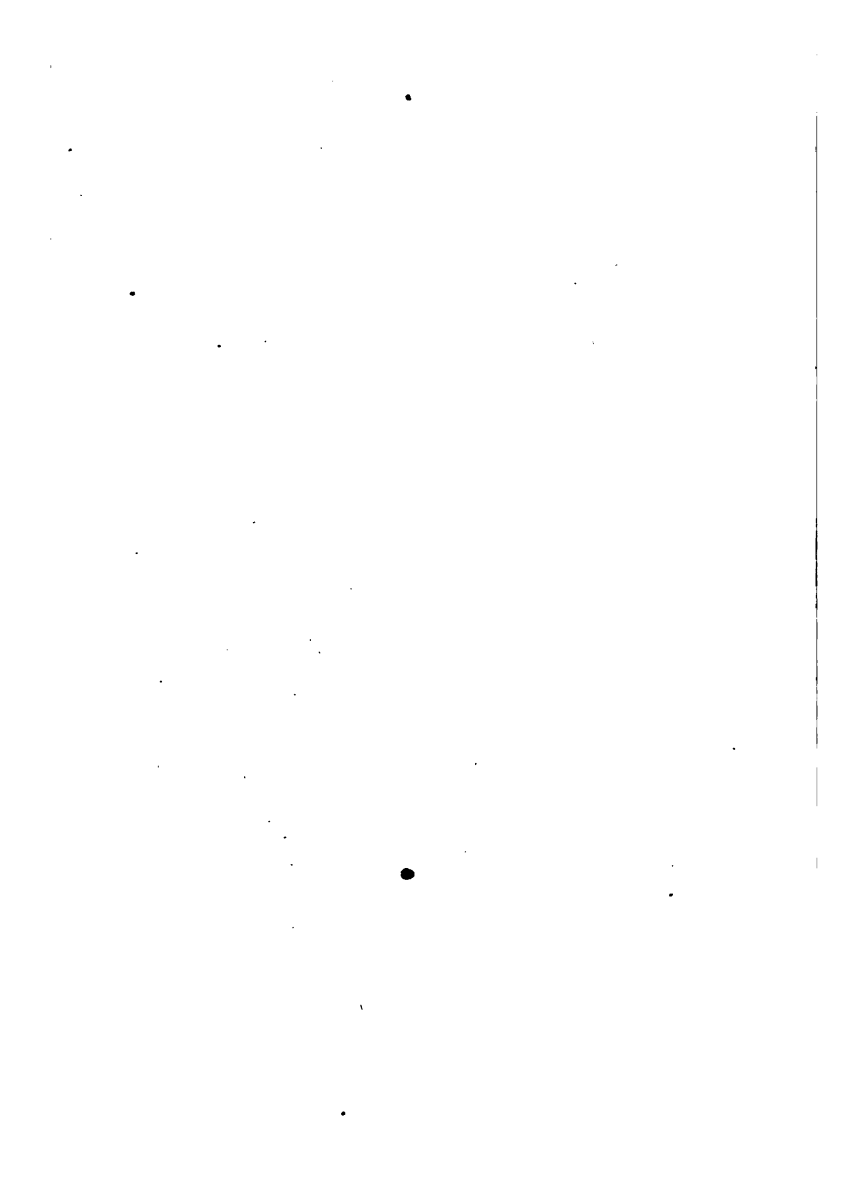
The present edition has been enlarged by the addition of some verses from the compiler's pen, and also from other sources.

L. L.

BOSTON, 1879.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE KINGDOM WITHIN	1
THE OPEN EYE AND EAR	19
WAY OF ACCESS	51
LIFE ETERNAL	69
SHADOWS	89
THE TRUE LIGHT	107
BEARING THE CROSS	127
THE NEW COMMANDMENT	153
REST AND JOY	175
FULNESS OF LIFE	195
THE ILLUMINED GATEWAY	233
THE GLORY BEYOND	257



THE KINGDOM WITHIN.



How far from here to heaven?
Not very far, my friend ;
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.
Hold there ! where runnest thou?
Know heaven is in thee !
Seekest thou for God elsewhere?
His face thou 'lt never see.
ANGELUS SILESIVS.

MADE for Thyself, O God!

Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight :
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might ;
Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud !
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be

A joy to Thee !

F. R. Hemmings

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.



“Know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.”

LUKE xxi. 31.

I HAVE a power in my soul which enables me to perceive God: I am as certain as that I live that nothing is so near to me as God. He is nearer to me than I am to myself. It is part of His very essence that He should be nigh and present to me. . . . And a man is more blessed or less blessed in the same measure as he is aware of the presence of God.

Often, when I meditate on the Kingdom of God, I cannot speak for the greatness thereof. For the Kingdom of God,—what is it but God Himself with all His riches? When the Kingdom of God is manifested in a soul, and she knows it, you need not to preach or to

teach ; for that soul is taught of God, and assured of eternal life. He who knows and perceives how nigh God's Kingdom is, may say with Jacob : " Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." God is in all things and places alike, and is ever alike ready to give Himself to us, in so far as we are able to receive Him ; and he knows God aright who sees Him in all things.

The Masters have set forth many questions in the schools, as to how it can be possible for the soul to know God. If my soul is to perceive God, it must be heavenly. It is not of God's severity that He requires much from man ; it is of his great kindness that He will have the soul to open herself wider, to be able to receive much, that He may bestow much upon her. Let no one think that it is hard to attain thereunto. Although it sounds hard, and is hard at first, as touching the forsaking and dying to all things, yet, when one has reached this state, no life can be easier or sweeter, or fuller of pleasures ;

for God is right diligent to be with us at all seasons, and to teach us, that He may bring us to Himself when we are like to go astray. None of us ever desired anything more ardently than God desires to bring men to the knowledge of Himself.

God is ever ready, but we are very unready; God is nigh unto us, but we are far from Him; God is within, but we are without; God is at home, we are strangers. "God leadeth the righteous by a narrow path into a broad highway, till they come unto a wide and open place"; that is, unto the true freedom of that spirit which hath become one spirit with God. God help us all to follow Him, that He may bring us unto Himself!

JOHN TAULER.

I CANNOT find Thee ! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell ;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable !

I cannot find Thee ! Even when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought, upsoaring,
From further quest comes back : Thou art not there !

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth ; there, O God, Thou art !

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding,
The End is clear, how wide soe'er I roam,
The Law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my Home !

ELIZA SCUDDER.

“Return unto thy rest, O my soul !”

PSALM cxvi. 7.

GOD hath suited every creature He hath made with a convenient good to which it tends, and in the obtainment of which it rests and is satisfied. Natural bodies have all their own natural place, whither, if not hindered, they move incessantly till they be in it; and they declare by resting there, that they are where they would be. Sensitive creatures are carried to seek a sensitive good, as agreeable to their rank in being, and, attaining that, aim no further. Now in this is the excellency of man, that he is capable of a communion with his Maker, and, because capable of it, is unsatisfied without it: the soul being cut out,—so to speak,—to that largeness, cannot be filled with less. Though the heart once gone from God, turns continually away from Him, and moves not toward Him till it be renewed, yet, even in its wandering, it retains that natural relation to God, as its

centre, that it hath no true rest elsewhere, nor can by any means find it. It is made for Him, and is therefore restless till it meet with Him.

AIDS TO REFLECTION.

THEE would man praise ; for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it repose in Thee. With Thee our good lives without any decay, which good art Thou ; nor need we fear lest there be no place whither to return, because we fell from it : for through our absence our mansion fell not,—Thy Eternity !

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

EVERY faculty of the soul, if it would but open its door, might see Christ standing over against it, and silently asking, by His smile, "Shall I not come in unto thee?" But men open the door, and look down, not up, and thus see Him not. So it is that they sigh on,

not knowing what the soul wants, but only that it needs something. Our yearnings are homesicknesses for heaven: our sighings are for God, just as children that cry themselves asleep, away from home, and sob in their slumber, know not that they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, and having no one to tell them what it is that ails them.

H. W. BEECHER.

“HEART, Heart, lie still!

Life is fleeting fast;
Strife will soon be past.”
“I cannot lie still;
Beat strong I will.”

“Heart, Heart, lie still!

Joy 's but joy, and pain 's but pain;
Either, little loss or gain.”
“I cannot lie still;
Beat strong I will.”

Breathings of the Better Life.

“Heart, Heart, lie still!
Heaven is over all,
Rules this earthly ball.”
“I cannot lie still;
Beat strong I will.”

“Heart, Heart, lie still!
Heaven’s sweet grace alone
Can keep in peace its own.”
“Let that me fill,
And I am still.”

Mrs. Hooper.

O THE little birds sang east and the little birds sang
west,—
And I smiled to think God’s greatness flowed around
our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.

MRS. BROWNING.

“Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.”

1 CORINTHIANS ii. 12.

REVELATION is made by a spirit to a spirit: “God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit”; “The spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”

The spirit of God lies touching, as it were, the soul of man,—ever around and near. On the outside of earth man stands with the boundless heaven above him; nothing between him and space,—space around him and above him, the confines of the sky touching him. So is the spirit of man to the spirit of the Ever Near. They mingle; in every man this is true. All men are not spiritual men, but all have spiritual sensibilities which might awaken. All that is wanted is to become conscious of the nearness of God. God has placed men here to feel after Him if haply they might find Him, albeit *He be not far* from any one of them.

Our souls float in the immeasurable ocean of spirit. God lies around us; at any moment we might be conscious of the contact.

And if obedience were entire and love were perfect, then would the Revelation of the Spirit to the soul of man be perfect too. There would be trust expelling care, and enabling a man to repose; there would be a love which could cast out fear; there would be a sympathy with the mighty All of God. Selfishness would pass; isolation would be felt no longer: the tide of the universal and eternal Life would come with mighty pulsations throbbing through the soul.

To such a man it would not matter where he was, nor what: to live or die would be alike. No matter to such a man what he saw or what he heard; for every sight would be resplendent with beauty, and every sound would echo harmony. The human would become Divine; life, even the meanest, noble. In the hue of every violet there would be a glimpse of Divine affection, and a dream of heaven. The forest

would blaze with Deity, as it did to the eye of Moses. The creations of genius would breathe less of earth and more of heaven. Human love would burn with a clearer and intenser flame, rising from the altar of self-sacrifice.

These are "*the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.*"

F. W. ROBERTSON.

WITHOUT an end or bound
Thy life lies all outspread in light ;
Our lives feel Thy life all around,
Making our weakness strong, our darkness bright ;
Yet is it neither wilderness nor sea,
But the calm gladness of a full eternity.

O Thou art very great
To set Thyself so far above !
But we partake of Thine estate
Established in Thy strength and in Thy love :
That love hath made eternal room for me
In the sweet vastness of its own eternity.

Breathings of the Better Life.

O Thou art very meek,
 To overshadow Thy creatures thus !
 Thy grandeur is the shade we seek ;
 To be eternal is Thy use to us.
 O God ! what rest, what joy it is to me,
 To lose all thought of self in Thine eternity !

F. W. FABER.

“O GLORY that no eye may bear !
 O Presence bright, our inner Guest !
 O Farthest off ! O Ever Near !
 Most hidden and most manifest !”

T. H. Gill,

FOR the hidden scroll, o'erwritten with one dear Name
 adored, —
 For the heavenly in the human, the Spirit in the
 Word, —
 For the tokens of Thy presence, within, above, abroad, —
 For Thine own great gift of being, I thank Thee, O my
 God !

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”

1 CORINTHIANS ii. 9, 10.

THESE words, and indeed the whole tenor of the chapter, make it evident that the Apostle is not looking beyond the time that now is. The mystery with which his thoughts are occupied is the life of God within the human soul, that “preparation of the heart” wherein He reveals Himself after a manner not to be apprehended by outward sense, or recognized by natural perception. It is the heaven within us, and not the one above us, that the Apostle would here unfold: he is concerned, not with such things of God as we have to wait for, but with such as we have already received. And we know much of heaven, if it be but in the initials and rudiments, wherein, in the lively character of love, peace, joy, and devout conformity to His will, God’s finger has traced it in the regenerate soul.

We speak more truly than we are aware, when we say, as we often do, that we can form no idea of what heaven really is, until we arrive there. To be with God, in whatever stage of being, under whatever conditions of existence, is to be in heaven. To be found in Him, a citizen of His lower kingdom of grace, is to possess that which gives His upper kingdom its glory. The rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald; the sea of glass mingled with fire, the gates of pearl, the voice of harpers harping with their harps,—all these might be ours, without the capability of imparting a ray of genuine blessedness. They might pass away,—but heaven would not pass with them. For these are but the accidental properties of heaven: its essentials consist in that without which these wonders and glories a thousand-fold repeated would convey nothing beyond a momentary gratification of the senses;—it is not either hearing or seeing, not either having or beholding, that can constitute its joy.

Happiness is the answer to the soul's call, the accomplishment of its desire, the satisfaction of its yearning. "I beheld," saith St. John, "and a door was opened." Heaven is the opening of a door: it is the finding of a long-sought good, the renewal of a long-lost communion, the restoration to a favor which is in itself the fulness of joy.

A PRESENT HEAVEN.

THEREFORE, O friend, I would not, if I might,
Rebuild my house of lies, wherein I joyed
One time to dwell: my soul shall walk in white,
Cast down, but not destroyed.

Therefore in patience I possess my soul:
Yea, therefore as a flint I set my face
To pluck down, to build up again the whole, —
But in a distant place.

These thorns are sharp, but I can tread on them:
This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet.
My face is steadfast towards Jerusalem;
My heart remembers it.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

IN Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend ;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend !

And wherefore should I seek above
The City in the sky?
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised?

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There — only there — is heaven !

ELIZA SCUDDER.

THE OPEN EYE AND EAR.



O hearts of love ! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best,
To you the truth is manifest !
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon his breast.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Love is both eye and ear :

When like the west-wind breathes my longing prayer,
Pausing the need of humblest hearts to share,
Then will sweet parables unfold their sense,
And Nature speak with all her eloquence.
Let the heart stagnate o'er its selfish dreams,
And life a veiled and silent statue seems ;
Leaning upon the bosom of the Lord,
Love hears the lightest whisper of His word : —
Love is both eye and ear.

THE OPEN EYE AND EAR.



“The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.”

PSALM XIL 1.

WE seek much after preachers; should we not much rather seek for the true ear? For surely there are preachers enough around us, preachers in heaven above, preachers on earth below, preachers within and preachers without. What does not the firmament alone preach to us! the clear blue heaven, or the same heaven covered with storm-clouds? The heavens declare the glory of God in the splendor of day, as in the magnificence of night. But how many hear?

How true it is, that till God speaks to the heart of man, man cannot understand the language of God which is uttered around him, and

over him, and beneath him. As there are times when we stand in the midst of nature as if we were in a church when a joyful song of praise is springing from each breast, and we cannot help but sing also, being drawn into the stream of devotion, and carried along with it,—so at other times, how mute all creation seems to us, as though all pursued its way alone, without a hand in heaven to guide it. All depends upon whether God speaks *in us*.

- “If God thy inmost soul and being share,
The universe becomes thy book of prayer.”

THOLUCK.

ONLY let us love God, and then nature will compass us about like a cloud of Divine witnesses, and all influences from the earth, and things on the earth, will be the ministers of God to do us good. The breezes will whisper our souls into peace and purity; and in a valley, or from a hill-top, or looking along a plain, delight in beautiful scenery will pass into sym-

pathy with that indwelling though unseen spirit, of whose presence beauty is everywhere the manifestation, faint, indeed, because earthly. Then not only will the stars shed upon us light, but they will pour from heaven sublimity into our minds, and from on high will rain down thoughts to make us noble. God dwells in all things; and felt in a man's heart, He is then to be felt in everything else. Only let there be God within us, and then everything outside us will become a godlike help.

EUTHANASY.

WHY bursts such melody from tree and bush,
The overflowing of each songster's heart,
So filling mine, that it can scarcely hush
Awhile to listen, but would take its part?
'Tis but one song I hear where'er I rove,
Though countless be the notes, that God is Love!

Why leaps the streamlet down the mountain-side,
Hasting so swiftly to the vale beneath,

To cheer the shepherd's thirsty flock, or glide
Where the hot sun has left a faded wreath,
Or, rippling, aid the music of a grove?
Its own glad voice replies, that God is Love.

Is it a fallen world on which I gaze?
Am I as deeply fallen as the rest,
Yet joys partaking, past my utmost praise,
Instead of wandering forlorn, unblest?
It is as if an unseen spirit strove
To grave upon my heart, that God is Love!

THOMAS DAVIS.

“There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.”

PSALM xix. 3, 4.

YES, truly! the voice of nature is such that in all tongues and languages it can be heard and understood. The voice with which nature speaks to man is as the glance of a friend, and as the pressure of the hand, which are understood by all nations without speaking. Is it not in truth the eye of God, the truest friend, which looks at us through nature? in some measure, this has been understood by all. Yet some have imagined that the song of praise which all creation sings in heaven and earth is a song on the created. But creation tells of the glory of the Creator. How many are there who do not rightly understand that!

It is only the disciple of Christ who truly comprehends what is said, when, standing amid the glory of nature, he hears the words, “Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place

whereon thou standest is holy ground." Yes, only the Christian rightly knows why the earth is called holy ground,—the earth on which the Holy One of God has trod with pure feet,—on which the Son of God offered His sacred blood,—on which, when consecrated anew, will be a tabernacle of God with men, and God himself will dwell with His people for ever and ever. Only he who in his heart is conscious of the grace of God perceives that the world also is full of the wonders of His grace.

O, with what entirely new eyes is the book of nature now read! Everywhere it speaks of God, who has so loved the world that He spared not his own Son, but Him,—His own Life and Joy,—has freely given up for the world! He who looks with such eyes upon nature, while not less than any other he is susceptible of the enjoyment of all its beauty, has also anticipations of the imperishable beauty of the new earth, on which the children of God, when they have attained to the glorious liberty promised them, shall dwell for ever and ever.

“O earth, thy splendor and thy beauty, how amazing !
Whene'er anew I turn to thee, intently gazing,
With rapture I exclaim, How beautiful thou art !

“How beautiful ! though sinners only on thy mountains
Now wander with unholy feet, and by thy fountains, —
And vainly boast, alas ! that they thy rulers are.

“But when God's chosen are o'er thee the sceptre swaying,
O earth ! what then shall be thy glorious arraying ? —
Then first shalt thou put on thy best, thy bridal robe.”

THOLUCK.

SURELY yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth. 'T is but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;
'T is but a veil which winds might blow aside.
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwelling of the glorified, —
The land of which I dream.

These peaks are nearer heaven than earth below,
These hills are higher than they seem ;
'T is not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem.

'T is the blue floor of heaven that they upbear ;
And like some old and wildly rugged stair
They lift us to the land where all is fair, —
The land of which I dream.

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
Are brighter, bluer, than they seem ;
True image here of the celestial deep,
Fed from the fulness of the unfailing stream, —
Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,
With not a breath to stir its silent breast, —
The sea that laves the land where all are blest, —
The land of which I dream.

H. BONAR.

“ And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus.”

PHILIPPIANS iv, 7.

HAVE you ever passed a fine spring morning amid the new-born beauties of nature? When, at such a time, you have been wandering in the shade of peaceful groves, through the green canopy of which the rosy waves of sunlight broke; when the soft breath of morn was wafted across the verdant landscape, and the numberless flowerets shivered, and the dew on the leaflets glittered,—the tears of joy which heaven had shed at the holiness and goodness of the Creator; and the cascade leaping from the rock, and the river in its bed, and the forest on the hill, sent forth solemn murmurs, while high above, and deep below, the air resounded with the wonderful song of birds, and the buzzing of insects,—O what were your feelings? Did not a sense of inexpressible delight flash through your bosom? You drew a deep breath; your

body seemed etherealized. You felt as if you must join your voice to the voices of the air as if you must mix your tears with the tears of heaven ; you longed for the wings of rosy morn to soar up high into the empyrean, or to sink in the green depths of the forests, or to lose yourself in the blue haze that veiled the unknown distance. You longed to pour your love through the entire world.

Did you ever lie down on the top of a mountain, whence you beheld a wide landscape with its fields and cottages spread in silent repose before your eyes? In your bosom also perfect quiet reigned. You forgot your cares, no sorrow weighed on your spirits, no unpleasant remembrance disturbed the calm, no intruding passion dared to break the holy peace of your soul, and a voice within whispered, "Blessed were I, could I remain forever thus!" What you then felt was a fleeting foretaste of heaven, which sometimes even passionate, unquiet spirits are allowed to enjoy, in order that they may look

into themselves, and earnestly reflect how they might perpetuate this tranquil and blessed state. You were happy because you had forgotten yourself, because you were free from earthly desires.

But the true disciple of Jesus needs not to forget himself in order to be cheerful in his very innermost soul. On the contrary, it is when he examines his inward being, and his relations to the Father of all life, that he feels most happy. The present day may have its storms, but the future only smiles the more brightly to him. Whether he be of high or humble station, rich or poor, praised or blamed, it is all the same; for the source of his happiness is not in the outward world, but within himself. He is with God, and God is with him. And "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" here already, in their foretaste of the higher bliss of heaven.

ZSCHOKKE.

O THOU! the primal fount of life and peace,
Who sheddest Thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And turn to music every jarring sound.

How longs each gulf within the weary soul
To taste the life of this benignant hour ;
To be at one with thine untroubled whole,
And in itself to know Thy hushing power !

In One who walked on earth a man of woe,
Was holier peace than e'en this hour inspires.
From Him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.

So this great All around, so He, and Thou,
The central source and awful bound of things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land and sea and air, Thy presence brings !
STERLING.

“If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.”

2 CORINTHIANS V. 17.

NOR until the Spirit abiding within has melted the soul beneath the glow of the Divine charms, not until the angel-band of heavenly affections comes in, and the gang of selfish lusts goes out, do old things pass away, and all things become new. Then begins the highest motive power, which is *love*; for he that loveth is born of God and knoweth Him. When our regeneration is consummated, love expels every other power, and reigns supreme and undivided. Fear is cast out; hope of reward has no place, for the Divine service is its own great reward, its own exceeding joy. Obedience is sweeter to the soul than light is to the eye; and sin, not in its consequences, but in its own essential nature, is more bitter than death, more loathsome than the grave. Then ceases the conflict within. There is no clashing of interest with interest, no balancing of one inclination against another,

for none other force acts within us than God's impelling love. There is no self-denial, because there is no self to be denied. That is crucified and slain. We pass into that high state of which we had dreamed, and for which we had sighed, when we do just what we please, and all pleases us that we may do; when we have no painful duties to perform, since duty is the glad motion, the spontaneous play of all our faculties.

God is revealed as never before the light and the joy of our whole being. He glows within us as our life and peace, even as the sun loves to look into the placid lake and make his image there. We pass into that state of prayer which cannot be translated into the clumsy vehicle of words; that still communion, to which a ritual is a clog and a burden; that devotion which knows of no declensions, since the sun that warms it never sets.

Even Nature herself becomes changed, for how varied does she appear to us, according to the eyes through which we look, and whether

we see her work as a hard material fact, or the picture-language that shadows forth immortal things. The natural man sees this world only from the natural side. No light from the other side shows him the meaning in humble affairs, and the redolence that breathes out of them, and the divine airs enfolding every object. It is the difference between seeing this world only as a material structure, contrived for man's present gratification, and viewing it as the scene of his training for the skies; as exhibiting an exterior and perishable beauty, and as penetrated by an intelligence everywhere infused, that copies out the Everlasting Mind, and opens everywhere a Holy Bible to human ken.

E. H. SEARS.

WITHOUT the smile of God upon the soul,
We see not, and the world has lost its light;
For us there is no quiet in the night,
No beauty in the stars. The saffron stole
Of morning, or the pomp of evening's goal,

That celebrates Day's marriage with the Sea, —
Blue distance, silver lake, hill, glen, and tree, —
Are sealed unto the spirit like a scroll
Writ in a perished language. But a ray
Upon this darkness suddenly may dart,
And Christ's dear love be poured into the heart,
To clothe creation in a robe of day.
Then doth the morning cheer, the night hath calm,
And skies a glory, and the dews a balm.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

KEBLE.

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.”

REVELATION ii. 17.

I WAS early convinced that true religion consists in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learn to exercise true justice and goodness, not only toward all men, but also toward the brute creatures,—that as the mind is moved, by an inward principle, to love God as an invisible, incomprehensible Being, so by the same principle it is moved to love Him in all His manifestations in the visible world,—that as by His breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen, and at the same time exercise cruelty toward the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him, is a contradiction in itself: I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions; but believed that sincere upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly love God, are accepted of Him.

As I lived under the cross, and simply followed the openings of truth, my mind, from day to day, was more enlightened. While I silently ponder on that change wrought in me, I find no language equal to convey to another an idea of it. I looked upon the works of God in this visible creation, and an awfulness covered me. My heart was tender, and often contrite, and universal love to my fellow-creatures increased in me.

This will be understood by such as have trodden in the same path. Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine Love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated: yet these do not fully show forth that inward life to those who have not felt it; this white stone and new name is only known rightly by such as receive it.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

QUIET in God, — the ever-present seal
Of faith unspoken,
Believing faces, infant lips, reveal
Its nameless token :

A gift bestowed upon the poor oppressed,
To kings forbidden ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings to rest,
Securely hidden.

To bear for them the cross, as if for Thee,
Strengthen me ever !
Among Thy hidden ones O number me,
Now and forever !

A. E. CARTER.

WOULDST thou the life of souls discern ?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn ;
Love is life's only sign.
The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored.

But he whose heart will bound to mark
The full bright bursts of summer morn,
Loves too each little dewy spark
By leaf or floweret worn :
Cheap forms, and common hues, 't is true,
Through the bright shower-drop meet his view ;
The coloring may be of this earth ;
The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so who loves the Lord aright
No soul of man can worthless find ;
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shined ;
But chiefly Christian souls ; for they,
Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
All glistening with baptismal dew.

KEBLE.

“Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.”

PSALM cxix. 18.

BLESSED is the man whom eternal Truth teacheth, not by obscure figures and transient sounds, but by direct and full communication. The perceptions of our senses are narrow and dull, and our reasoning on those perceptions frequently misleads us. He whom the eternal Word condescendeth to teach is disengaged at once from the labyrinth of human opinions. For “of one word are all things”; and all things without voice or language speak Him alone: He is that divine principle which speaketh in our hearts, and without which there can be neither just apprehension nor rectitude of judgment.

O God, who art the truth, make me one with Thee in everlasting love! I am often weary of reading, and weary of hearing; in Thee alone is the sum of my desire! Let all teachers be silent, let the whole creation be dumb before Thee, and do Thou only speak unto my soul!

Thy ministers can pronounce the words, but cannot impart the spirit ; they may entertain the fancy with the charms of eloquence ; but if Thou art silent, they do not inflame the heart. They administer the letter, but Thou openest the sense ; they utter the mystery, but Thou revealest its meaning ; they point out the way of life, but Thou bestowest strength to walk in it ; they water, but Thou givest the increase. Therefore do Thou, O Lord my God, Eternal Truth ! speak to my soul ! lest, being outwardly warmed, but not inwardly quickened, I die, and be found unfruitful.

“Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.” “Thou only hast the words of eternal life.”

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

'T IS not the skill of human art
Which gives me power my God to know ;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that he learnt above ;
No other master knows so well ;—
'T is Love alone can tell of LOVE.

Love is my master. When it breaks, —
The morning light, the rising ray, —
To Thee, O God ! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

MADAME GUYON.

“Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.”

GALATIANS IV. 6.

THE Spirit of God dwells within us, acts there, prays without ceasing, groans, desires, asks for us what we know not how to ask for ourselves, urges us on, animates us, speaks to us when we are silent, suggests to us all truth, and so unites us to Him that we become one spirit. He is the soul of our soul; we could not form a thought or a desire without Him. We reckon ourselves alone in the interior sanctuary, when God is much more intimately present there than we are ourselves. Without the actual inspiration of the spirit of grace, we could neither do, nor will, nor believe any good thing.

We are, then, always inspired, but we incessantly stifle the inspiration. God does not cease to speak, but the noise of the creatures without, and of our passions within, confuses us, and prevents our hearing. We must silence every crea-

ture, including self, that in the deep stillness of the soul we may perceive the ineffable voice of the Bridegroom. We must lend an attentive ear, for His voice is soft and still, and is only heard of those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak! The slightest murmur of our vain desires, or of a love fixed upon self, confounds all words of the Spirit of God.

It is true that we are continually inspired, and that we do not lead a gracious life, except so far as we act under this interior inspiration. But how few feel it! how few are they who do not annihilate it by their voluntary distractions, or by their resistance.

I thank Thee, O my God, with Jesus Christ, that Thou hast hid thine ineffable secrets from the great and wise, while Thou takest pleasure in revealing them to feeble and humble souls! It is with babes alone that Thou art wholly unreserved; the others Thou treatest in their own way; they desire knowledge and great virtues,

and Thou givest them dazzling illuminations, and convertest them into heroes. But this is not the better part: there is something more hidden for Thy dearest children; they lie with John upon Thy breast.

FENELON

DEAR Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest!
Let no one have it, then, but Thee;
And let it be Thy rest!

FABER.

“I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.”

JOHN X. 14.

THERE is here a deep truth of human nature; Christ does not limit the recognizing power to himself. He says that the sheep know Him as truly as He the sheep. He knew men on the same principle on which we know men,—the same on which we know Him; the only difference is in degree.

Marvellous is it how innocence perceives the approach of evil which it cannot know by experience, just as the dove which has never seen the falcon trembles by instinct at its approach; just as a blind man detects by finer sensitiveness the passing of the cloud which he cannot see overshadowing the sun. It is wondrous how, the truer we become, the more unerringly we know the *ring* of truth, can discern whether a man be true or not, and can fasten at once upon the rising lie in word and look and dissembling act;—wondrous how the charity of

Christ in the heart perceives every aberration from charity in others, in ungentle thought or slanderous tone.

Therefore Christ knew His sheep by that mystic power always finest in the best natures, most developed in the highest, by which like detects what is like and what unlike itself. He was Perfect Love, Perfect Truth, Perfect Purity; therefore He knew what was in man, and felt, as by another sense, afar off, the shadows of unlovingness, and falseness, and impurity. It was as if His bosom was some mysterious mirror on which all that came near Him left a sullied or unsullied surface, detecting themselves by every breath.

How shall we recognize Truth divine? What is the test by which we shall know whether it comes from God or not?

Christ says, "My sheep know *Me*." Wisdom is justified by her children. Not by some lengthened investigation, whether the shepherd's dress be the identical dress, and the staff the crozier genuine, do the sheep recognize the shepherd.

They know *him*, they hear his voice, they know him as a man knows his friend: they know him, in short, instinctively.

Just so does the soul recognize what is of God and true. Truth is like light: visible in itself, not distinguished by the shadows it casts. There is a something in our souls of God which corresponds with what is of God outside us, and recognizes it by direct intuition; something in the true soul which corresponds with truth, and knows it to be truth. Christ came with truth, and the true recognize it as true; the sheep know the shepherd, wanting no further evidence.

In all matters of eternal truth, the soul is before the intellect; the things of God are spiritually discerned. You know truth by being true; you recognize God by being like Him.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

No outward mark have we to know
Who Thine, O Christ, may be,
Until a Christian love doth show
Who appertains to Thee.
For knowledge may be reached unto,
And formal justice gained,
But till each other love we do,
Both faith and works are feigned.

Love is the sum of those commands
Which Thou with thine dost leave;
And for a mark on them it stands,
Which never can deceive:
For when our knowledge folly turns,
When shows no show retain,
And zeal itself to nothing burns,
Then love shall still remain.

GEORGE WITHER.

WAY OF ACCESS.



Thou art the Way !
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee,
Where hearts are pierced, and thoughts all aimless stray ;
In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free :
Thou art our Way !

THREE WAKINGS.

Teach me Thy love to know,
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman show :
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

GEORGE HERBERT.

DARK the night, the snow is falling ;
Through the storm are voices calling,
Guides mistaken and misleading,
Far from home and help receding :

Vain is all those voices say !—
Show me Thy Way !

Blind am I, as those who guide me ;
Let me feel Thee close beside me !
Come as light into my being !
Unto me be eyes, All-Seeing !

Hear my heart's one wish, I pray !
Show me Thy Way !

Thou must lead me and none other.
Truest Lover, Friend, and Brother,
Thou art my soul's shelter, whether
Stars gleam out, or tempests gather.

In Thy presence night is day :
Show me Thy Way !

WAY OF ACCESS.



“No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.”

JOHN i. 18.

WE cannot love a mere abstraction, an impalpable something, simply because we believe we *ought* so to love. Truly to love God we must know him,—know him as our Father, as our best, truest, nearest Friend; feel him near to us in every bright and joyous, and in every clouded and trying scene of life; speaking to us in the glad sunshine and the darkened cloud,—in the dewy freshness of the summer morn, and the calm and glowing radiance of the sunset hour,—in the gorgeous tints of the autumn forests, and the opening leaves and bursting buds of the joyous spring; drawing near to us in all our

daily walks ; encompassing our path and our lying down ; sending the pulses of health bounding through our veins ; blessing us in countless forms and ways, or withholding such gifts of his bounty only the more truly to draw our hearts to Him, only to crown us with a yet more enduring loving-kindness, and a yet more tender mercy.

Above all, to love God, we must know him as manifested in Christ,—know him as incarnated in human form,—know him as revealing his holiness, his tenderness, his pity, his yearning love and condescending grace, in the suffering, glorified Redeemer. Here you can sit at the very feet of One who knows you wholly, who has been tried through sorrow and desertion and all forms of human suffering, and who can and does feel with you and for you in every secret struggle and every spiritual aspiration. Here is no vain abstraction, but the Father thus condescendingly manifesting himself to his children, as

if to awaken in them those deep, fervent emotions of love and of trust which form the only true, living, and enduring bond between the Parent and the Child.

THE HOMEWARD PATH.

O THOU, who art enrobed in light,
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on Thee !

Lord, how can I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before Thy radiant light appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
Thine uncreated beam ?

Is there a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode ?—
Thine offering and Thy sacrifice,
Thy pains and groans, and tears and cries,
Thy death, O Lamb of God !

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Majesty above.
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light
Through the Eternal Love.

SABBATH HYMN-BOOK.

THE quiet of a shadow-haunted pool
Where light breaks through in glorious tenderness :
Where the hushed pilgrim in the shadow cool
Forgets the way's distress, —

Such is this hour, this silent hour with Thee !
The trouble of the restless heart is still ;
And every swaying wish breathes reverently
The whisper of Thy will !

“Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.”

JOHN xvi. 24.

PRAYER is an act of friendship. It is intercourse ; an act of trust, of hope, of love, all prompting to interchange between the soul and an Infinite, Spiritual, Invisible Friend. We all need prayer, if for no other purpose, for that which we so aptly call *communion* with God. We all need friendly converse with Him whom our souls love. “He alone is a thousand companions ; He alone is a world of friends. That man never knew what it was to be familiar with God, who complains of the want of friends while God is with him.”

It has been said that no great work in literature or science was ever wrought by a man who did not love solitude. We may lay it down as an elemental principle of religion, that no large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often and long alone with God. No otherwise can the

great central idea of God enter into a man's life, and dwell there supreme.

"Holiness," says Dr. Cudworth, "is something of God, wherever it is. It is an efflux from Him, and lives in Him; as the sunbeams, although they gild this lower world, and spread their golden wings over us, yet they are not so much here where they shine, as in the sun from whence they flow." Such a possession of the idea of God we never gain but from still hours. For such holy joy in God, we must have much of the Spirit of Him who rose up a great while before day, and departed into a solitary place and prayed, and who continued all night in prayer; "the morning star finding Him where the evening star had left Him."

THE STILL HOUR.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make, —
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take, —
What parchéd grounds refresh, as with a shower !
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong, —
That we are ever overborne with care, —
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, — when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee ?

R. C. TRENCH.

“Lord, teach us to pray.”

LUKE xi. 1.

EVEN the noblest of men, the most learned, the most enlightened, are but weak mortals, as long as their spirits are clad in the veil of dust. It is impossible for them to remain ever, or even for any length of time, in the exalted mood to which their minds are occasionally attuned by their power of insight, and by sublime principles, free from all dross of earth. They ever sink back again into their lower state; they again seek support in human customs; it is a satisfaction to them to feel like children;—and, indeed, what is man, in reference to his Father in Heaven, but a child?

Men need to turn their thoughts to God; it is a necessity of their nature to commune, and to occupy themselves with the Highest Being; they cannot be happy without feeling in their hearts confiding trust in the wise and kind providence of an Infinite Father. And in like man-

ner as they are wont to pour out their hearts to parents, friends, or protectors, although these may be well aware of all that they have to say, and would love them and protect and support them, though they spoke no word, so they also address themselves to God, with calm, believing, childlike hearts. They lift up their thoughts full of reverence to the Ruler of the universe; they breathe a gentle sigh towards the Fountain of all good. This is prayer.

Prayer opens to us, as it were, the portals of the spirit-world, in which we also have some right of citizenship. We draw nearer to the Deity, and feel that we belong to Him. We rise on the wings of prayer, above all that is worthless and perishable, and become greater, yea, more divine, as we do so. The conviction becomes ever mightier within us, that we can never cease to exist. We distinguish more clearly between what is everlasting and what is perishable,—between what is real and what is mere appearance. We see the whole uni-

verse in a new light. The globe on which we dwell becomes in our eyes a mere speck in the great immeasurable All. We descry, through the boundless distances of the starry heavens, a minute portion only of the great temple of the Holy of Holies, and we glow with rapture at the thought of having been made worthy, by the power of God, to be called inhabitants of this divine kingdom.

And happy presentiments thrill through us. Heavenly joy pervades all nature. This is the power of prayer: this is the effect of drawing nigh unto God.

ZSCHOKKE.

“THEN ask us not why, day by day,
The same sweet morning prayers we say;
Why, night by night, our even-song
Peals in the same soft strain along;
Why children seek their mother's knee
At eve, to lisp their prayer,
While lingers rosy-fingered sleep
O'er their fringed eyelids fair.

“Nor say, ‘Ye vex God’s patient ear ;
And vain the strains that linger here, —
A soulless form, a weary round,
A cry that hath no echoing sound :
Ye hear no voice, ye see no sign,
 Adown heaven’s crystal stair ;
No white-robed angels gliding bring
 An answer to your prayer.’

“Nay, but God loves the constant cry ;
He wills the words should never die
That speak our needs. Prayer pushes prayer
Up into heaven’s sublimer air ;
Around the throne eternally
 They pass and still repass :
Our whispers are the airs that breathe
 Above the sea of glass.”

“Not as I will, but as thou wilt.”

MATTHEW XXVI. 39.

To say that a man is religious, is the same thing as to say that he prays. For what is prayer? To connect every thought with the thought of God; to look on everything as His work and appointment; to submit every thought, wish, and resolve to Him; to feel His presence, so that it shall restrain us even in our wildest joy: that is prayer.

All prayer is to change the will human into submission to the will Divine.

In the prayer taught by Christ there is only one petition for personal good, and that a singularly simple and modest one: “Give us this day our daily bread”; and even that expresses dependence far rather than anxiety or desire.

From this we understand the spirit of that retirement for prayer into lonely tops of mountains and deep shades of night, of which we read so often in His life. It was not so much to

secure any definite event as from the need of holy communion with His Father.

Prayer is one thing, petition quite another. Indeed, hints are given us which make it seem that a time will come when spirituality shall be so complete, and acquiescence in the will of God so entire, that petition shall be superseded. "In that day ye shall ask me nothing."

"Again, I say not I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you."

Pray as He did, till prayer makes you cease to pray. Pray till prayer makes you forget your own wish, and leave it, or merge it in God's Will. The Divine Wisdom has given us prayer, not as a means whereby to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we may learn to do without them; not as a means whereby we escape evil, but as a means whereby we become strong to meet it. "There appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him." That was the true reply to His prayer.

And so, in the expectation of impending dan-

ger, our prayer has won the victory, not when we have warded off the trial, but when, like Him, we have learned to say, "Arise, let us go to meet the evil."

F. W. ROBERTSON.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God !
And all Thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are Thine.
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

He always wins who sides with God :
To him no chance is lost ;

God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will.

FABER.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed.
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thy own true way,
No man can find it. Father ! Thou must lead.
Do Thou then breathe such thoughts into my mind ,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread.
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing to Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly !

MICHEL ANGELO.

THOU present God, to Thee we speak ;
 Weary and weak,
Thy strength divine we struggling seek :
 Thou wilt attend
To every faintest sigh we upward send :
Thou talkest with our thoughts, as friend with friend,

 The battle of our life is won
 And heaven begun,
 When we can say, " Thy will be done ! "
 But, Lord, until
These restless hearts in Thy deep love are still,
We pray Thee, " Teach us how to do Thy will ! "

LIFE ETERNAL.



“What shall I do to gain eternal life?”

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife, —

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise

Will life be fled ;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries,

Shall live, though dead.

SCHILLER.

“There is no death to those who know of Life ;

No Time to those who see Eternity.”

How do I know that after this
Another life there is?
Another life? There is but one :
In mystery begun,
Continued in a miracle, God's breath,
The living soul, spells not the name of death.

How know I that I am alive?
So only as I thrive
On truth, whose sweetness keeps the soul
Vigorous and pure and whole :
Heaven's health within is immortality, —
The life that is, and evermore shall be.

LIFE ETERNAL.



“I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.”

PSALM cxi. 32.

NOTHING shows more strikingly how low are the motives in much of our religion than the gloomy way in which men become religious. Too many are driven to God by fear of His anger, or of an outward hell.

But what is being religious, but always seeing God's infinite love in everything, and loving Him all the time? It is seeing His mercy in the sun and sky; in the hills and plains; in daily life, with its discipline and education; in the friendships of our friends; in our insight into new truths; in the grand opportunities of daily service of the human race which He affords us. It is hearing and answering His invitation

to come to Him to be inspired, to be filled with light, to be filled with love, to be filled with power.

Suppose all the little buds and seeds should say: "O dear! April has come; and now we shall have to unpack ourselves, and go out of these snug little chambers where we have been sleeping all winter, with nothing to do but rest. It is getting warmer every day. Strange thrills pass through us, 'the blind motion of the spring.' But do let us stay as long as we can, shut up here; for it will be a very gloomy thing to go out into the soft summer air, and unfold ourselves in the sunlight into tremulous leaves, bending stalks, and fragrant flowers."

But Nature does not look unhappy in unfolding. And why, if seeds and buds enjoy unfolding in the sun, should not our souls enjoy unfolding in the sunlight of our Father's infinite tenderness and perfect love? Why should we give ourselves grudgingly, and as of necessity, to the love of God? Why hesi-

tate and tremble, and think we are not good enough to love Him, or to be loved by Him?

Love does not hesitate. Love leaves all and follows.

—————
J. F. CLARKE

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself.
And for that love obey.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

J. AUSTIN.

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.”

JOHN iii. 36.

A DEEPENED sense of this truth would work within us a dissatisfaction with the vague impressions which, upon many points connected with death and the future state, have too much taken the place of Gospel realities among us. As Christians we permit ourselves upon these subjects to use language strangely inconsistent with our name and profession, — language which, if reduced to its true sense and value, would go far to make it appear that we had chosen death, not Christ, for our Saviour.

True it is, that so long as we continue in the body, we have yet to wait for that body's full redemption, anticipating which the natural creation and the regenerated spirit of man groan together, being burdened. “He that is dead is freed from sin.” Yet we must never forget that not only Immortality, but *Life*, has been brought to light by the Gospel.

With regard to the nature of the renewed life, the Scriptures have been most explicit, equally so as to the conditions by which it holds. They acquaint us with a state of being to be attained, not through death, but through Him who hath overcome it, and opened for us the gate of everlasting life; they unfold to us in its amplest particulars the character of this eternal life as revealed to us in the person of Christ Jesus, to whom alone it has been given to have life in Himself, and from whom all our life is derived.

All renewed life, being one with that of the Renewer, is one life, the same life, whether it be spent in heaven or upon earth. On this point, the very wording of Scripture is guarded; there is no future employed; it is not "shall have," but "hath,"—hath now everlasting life.

At the touch of death, the flower and grass of our natural life fall away and perish, but the Word of God, and that which is born of it, endureth forever. Our spiritual life lies in a

region far removed from the influence of any natural event or change: it is hid in Christ; and St. Paul proves how much our future life in Him is but the continuation and expansion of that which, even in the flesh, we live by the faith of the Son of God, when he says, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."

Though death cannot, according to the popular phrase, admit us to a better life, it will give those who have already attained to the one life—the life which is in Christ Jesus—a better world in which to live. Our present life in Him may be compared to that of the seed; a hidden life, contending, underground, against cold and darkness and obstructions, yet bearing within its breast the indestructible germ of vitality. Death lifts the soul into the sunshine for which a hidden, invisible work has prepared it. Heaven is the life of the flower.

A PRESENT HEAVEN.

As light and warmth to noontide hours,
To sweetest voices tuneful songs,
And as to summer fields the flowers,
So heaven to heavenly souls belongs.

STERLING.

THEN bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-winged reapers come !

H. VAUGHAN.

ONLY the souls in tune with theirs the angels' secret
guess :
Their song is love to God and man ; their life is right-
eousness.

“According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, . . . that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature.”

2 PETER i. 3, 4.

Now, wherever a man hath been made a partaker of the Divine nature, in him is fulfilled the best and the noblest life, and the worthiest in God's eyes that hath been or can be.

This life is not chosen in order to serve any end, or to get anything by it, but for love of its nobleness, and because God loveth and esteemeth it so greatly. And whoever saith that he hath had enough of it, and may now lay it aside, hath never tasted nor known it; for he who hath truly felt or tasted it can never give it up again. And he who hath put on the life of Christ with the intent to win or deserve aught thereby, hath taken it up as an hireling, and not for love, and is altogether without it. For he who doth not take it up for love, hath none of it at all; he may dream indeed that he hath put it on, but he is deceived.

Christ did not lead such a life as his for the sake of reward, but out of love; and love maketh such a life light, and taketh away all its hardships, so that it becometh sweet and is gladly endured. But to him who hath not put it on from love, but hath done so, as he dreameth, for the sake of reward, it is utterly bitter and a weariness, and he would fain be quit of it. And it is a sure token of an hireling, that he wisheth his work were at an end. But he who truly loveth it is not offended at its toil nor suffering, nor the length of time it lasteth.

Therefore it is written, "To serve God and live to Him is easy to him who doeth it." Truly it is so to him who doth it for love, but it is hard and wearisome to him who doth it for hire. But God rejoiceth more over one man who truly loveth, than over a thousand hirelings.

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.

GOD only is the creature's home,
 Though long and rough the road ;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
 The love that longs for God.

How little of that road, my soul,
 How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
 Allure thee further on.

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;
 It is not hard to love ;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
 How swiftly wouldst thou move !

FABER.

“And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.”

JOHN xvii. 3.

WHAT is it that we mean by this word so often upon our lips, — Salvation? Does it comprehend all that can make either this world or the next one desirable in the restoration to God's favor, and the recovery of our lost birthright of happiness in Him? or is our idea of it restricted to that “escaping from Hell and going to Heaven,” to which the mere ordinary notion of it is limited? I will not dwell upon the low and servile character with which thoughts such as these invest an estate whose essential attribute is liberty; I will but ask the followers of Him whose name was called Jesus, that he might save His people from their iniquities, if they hate sin because their God hates it, or only because He punishes it? Is it from the accursed thing itself, or only from the consequences of its being found upon them, that they pray and strive to be delivered?

Does not God's covenant, when read by its own light, disclose itself as a covenant, even in this present time, of life and peace?

To believe in one God, the Father of men and spirits, revealed to us in His Son's life, reconciled to us through His Son's death, and imparted to us through the agency of the life-giving Spirit, is to live in the sense, to rely upon the strength, and to rejoice in the sweetness of a Divine relationship. It is to *know* that we are no longer strangers and foreigners with our God, but to feel that, in the bonds of this everlasting covenant, He is in us and we are in Him, brought near by the Son, kept near by the Spirit, bound together in a threefold cord which shall not be quickly broken.

Having entered in by the door, the soul *is* "saved," yea, it may go in and out, and find pasture; for He who has delivered our souls from death has at the same time delivered our eyes from tears, and our feet from falling.

Return then, unto thy rest, O my soul, for
thy Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee !
He who is become thy salvation will be also
thy shield and thy song, the strength of thy
life, as well as thy portion forever !

A PRESENT HEAVEN.

I LOVE thee, O my God, but not
For what I hope thereby ;
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally :
I love thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love thee,
Solely because my God thou art
Who first hast lovéd me.

For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase ;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace ;
For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,

Yea, death itself, all, all for me,
For me, thine enemy.

Then shall I not, O Saviour mine,
Shall I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven
Nor of escaping hell;
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

“TAKE the praise we bring Thee, Lord,
Something more than what we speak;
For the love within us feels
Words uncertain, cold, and weak:
Thoughts that rise and tears that fall
Praise Thee better,—take them all!”

“And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.”

1 JOHN iii. 3.

IT is of the very essence of salvation to love God, to depart from sin, and to work righteousness; not to be able to find happiness in all the pleasures of earth, but to be willing to suffer all manner of pain and contradiction, and not seek to avoid them: when a man has come to this state it is well with him, and not otherwise.

If he hunger after his salvation as one who is perishing for lack of food, it will avail him nothing, until he cast off sin, and work the works of righteousness which are befitting a child of grace, and endure all wrong and injustice patiently for God's sake. For without this, his thirst for salvation can neither be satisfied here nor hereafter.

Yea, if a man were to suffer himself to be torn in pieces, and did not learn to cleanse

himself thoroughly from his sins, to behave towards his fellow-creatures in a spirit of generous love, and to love God above all things, it would all be useless and in vain.

“To be converted to the truth means nothing else but a turning from the love of created things, and a coming into union with the uncreated Highest Good. Love is the noblest of all virtues, for it makes man divine, and makes God man.”

JOHN TAULER.

WHO would build up his manhood well
Must lay the great foundation stone
In Piety, for he shall dwell
Secure in that alone.

Pavement and roof and palace wall
Of God's own jewels shall be built ;
And so thy house shall never fall
Be..eath the storms of guilt.

O, bind thyself with silver ties
To men, — to God with golden bands :
This is Religion ; — thus shall rise
The house not made with hands.

REVERBERATIONS.

ALL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind ;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified ;
Up springs paradise around.

R. W. EMERSON.

AT friendly shores, at peaceful isles
I touch, but may not long delay:
Where Thy flushed East with mystery smiles
I sail into the unrisen day.

For veils of hope before Thee drawn,
For mists that hint the immortal coast
Hid in Thy farthest, faintest dawn,—
My God, for these I thank Thee most.

Joy! joy! to see from every shore
Whereon my step makes pressure fond,
Thy sunrise reddening still before;
More light, more love, more life beyond!

SHADOWS.



He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower ;
Alike they 're needful for the flower :
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

S. F. ADAMS.

SINCE in a land not barren still,
Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,
My lot is fallen, blest be Thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me, which choke or spill
Some seed in me, blest be Thy skill !

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,
And happy I to be so crossed,
And cured of crosses at Thy cost !

The dew doth cheer what is distressed ;
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest ; —
In both, Thou work'st unto the best !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SHADOWS.



“Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.”

MARK ix. 24.

WE cannot advance uninterruptedly in our spiritual, any more than in our bodily life, from one degree of brightness to another. The shadow of the earth will ever and anon fling the darkness of night over us ; sleep will creep upon us ; we flag and grow weary, and yield to it ; and we should sleep on self-indulgently, unless we were awakened again and again by the light of the Sun of Righteousness, piercing through our night, and bursting the bands of our sleep. There should, indeed, be a progress in our spiritual life : else that life will too plainly be giving way before the manifold influences which try to check and

destroy it. But our progress, so long as we continue in the flesh, will never be unbroken; nor shall we make any real progress at all, without fresh impulses from the Power which first set us in motion. Our noon should keep on growing brighter and brighter; but it will only do so when we live under a perpetual dawn, when new influxes of light are ever pouring upon us from the same celestial Fountain. For, as it is a law of all life, that every creature, while it is the offspring of all former generations, shall yet have a new germ of life in itself, so, in our moral life, every act is at once the result of our whole previous moral being, and springs immediately and freshly from the will. And as in our moral, so in our spiritual life, no moment stands alone. There is no moment in it, which is not connected by indissoluble ties of motive and impulse with all that we have hitherto felt, and thought, and done. At the same time no moment in it will have any true spiritual energy, unless

we are immediately prompted and animated by the life-giving Spirit of God.

Hence it is not enough for us to be convinced of the sin of unbelief once for all, even though that conviction be the work of the Comforter. When a body is put in motion, we know, unless its motion were checked by retarding forces, it would continue to move on without limit; but we know no less surely that these retarding forces will soon lay hands on it and arrest it. So we might fancy that when the soul is once lifted up from the earth, and projected into the free atmosphere of faith, it would continue to soar into the heaven of heavens, nor rest until it reached the throne of God. But we know too well that this is not so, that it gravitates to the world of the senses, and that it has a leaden weight of self-will bearing it downward. Against these hindrances we cannot even strive, much less rise above them, unless the Comforter be continually helping us onward, by convincing us

more and more deeply of the sin of not believing in Christ.

Hence he who truly believes, the stronger his faith in the unseen world may be, with the greater humiliation will he deplore his own inability to live in an unwavering communication with it, and to subdue the temptations which would draw him away from it, the more earnestly will he cry, "*Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!*"

MISSION OF THE COMFORTER.

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,

Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love ;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered long through doubt and
sorrow,

And Thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will trust for every unknown morrow ;—
Thou wilt sustain us till the work is done.

In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, — O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong ! we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. JOHNSON.

I AM content to be so weak :
Put strength into the words I speak,
And I am strong in what I seek !

“ I know,” is all the mourner saith,
“ Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death.”

“ Glory to God — to God ! ” he saith,
“ Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death.”

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

“As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.”

PSALM xlii 1.

THE feeling of forsakenness is no proof of being forsaken. Mourning after an absent God is an evidence of love as strong as rejoicing in a present one. Nay, a man may be more decisively the servant of God and goodness, while doubting His existence, and crying for light, than while resting in a common creed, and coldly serving Him. There has been One, at least, whose apparent forsakenness, and whose seeming doubt, bear the stamp of the majesty of Faith. “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?”

There are hours when physical derangement darkens the windows of the soul; days in which shattered nerves make life simply endurance; months and years in which intellectual difficulties, pressing for solution, shut out God. Then faith must be replaced by hope.

“What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

It is impossible to derive consolation from our own feelings, because of their mutability; to-day we are well, and our spiritual experience, partaking of these circumstances, is bright; but to-morrow some outward circumstances change,—the sun does not shine,—or the wind is chill,—and we are low and sad. Then if our hopes were unreasonably elevated, they will now be unreasonably depressed; and so our experience becomes flux and reflux, ebb and flow, like the sea,—that emblem of instability. The mistake we make is, to look for a source of comfort in ourselves; self-contemplation, instead of gazing upon God.

He is not affected by our mutability; our changes do not alter Him. When we are restless, He remains serene and calm; when we are low, selfish, mean, or dispirited, He is still the unalterable I AM,—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, in whom is no variableness,

neither shadow of turning. What God is in Himself,—not what we may chance to feel Him in this or that moment to be,—that is our hope. “My soul, hope thou *in God.*”

F. W. ROBERTSON

NOR Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud
Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,
So that our prayers can find no way,
O, teach us that we do not say,
“Where is Thy brightness fled?”

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame;
For Thou remainest still the same:
But earth's own vapors earth may fill,
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

R. C. TRENCH.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so ;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change,
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

A. H. CLOUGH.

FOR us—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest, what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood :
Only the Good discerns the good :
I trust Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on ;
I love Thee while my days go on.
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

“When I said, My foot slippeth ; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.”

PSALM xciv. 18.

THE reason why there are so many phases, or seeming lapses, in Christian experience, is, not because it is false, but oftener because it is genuine ; because God has really dawned upon the soul's faith, and kindled a fire supernatural in its love. Hence, to settle it in this high relation, as a properly known relation, is a work of much time and difficulty. The problem is neither more nor less than to learn the way of God, and come into practical acquaintance with Him. And how can this be done without a large experience of defeat and disasters endlessly varied ? How can a being so weak and ignorant, knowing, at first, almost nothing of the high relations into which he has come, learn to walk evenly with God, save as he is instructed by many waverings, reactions, irregularities, and throes of losing experience ? Grazing in the pasture-ground of a mere hu-

man culture, we might show more plausibly; but now we move irregularly, just because we are in a level where the experience of nature does not instruct us. We lose ground, fall out of place, subside and waver, just because we are after something transcendent, something above us; climbing up unto God, to rest our eternity in him,—a being whom, as yet, we do not sufficiently know, and whom to know is life eternal.

The more difficulties one has to encounter, within and without, the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be. The very troubles that others look on with pity, as if he had taken up a kind of piety more perilous and burdensome than was necessary, will be his fields of victory, and his course of life will be just as much happier, as it is more consciously heroic. He has something great to live for, nay, something worthy even to die for, if he must,—that which makes it glorious to live, and not less glorious to die.

H. BUSHNELL.

“‘Is this the way, my Father?’ ’Tis, my child.
Thou must pass through the tangled, dreary wild,
If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled, —
Thy peaceful home above.

“‘But enemies are round.’ Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expect’st thou’lt find a foe;
But victor thou shalt prove o’er all below, —
Only, seek strength above.

“‘My Father, it is dark.’ Child, take my hand;
Cling close to me, — I’ll lead thee through the land;
Trust my all-seeing eare, — so shalt thou stand
’Mid glory bright above.

“‘My footsteps seem to slide.’ Child, only raise
Thine eye to me, then in these slippery ways,
I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
Me for each step above.

“‘Father, I’m weary!’ Child, then lean thy head
Upon my breast; it was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on, till I have said,
‘Rest, rest for aye, above!’”

“He is of God who heareth the words of God.”

JOHN viii. 47.

DEAR children, ye ought not to cease from hearing or declaring the word of God because you do not always live according to it, or keep it in mind. For inasmuch as you love it and crave after it, it will assuredly be given unto you; and you shall enjoy it forever with God, according to the measure of your desire after it.

St. Bernard has said: “Man, if thou desirest a noble and holy life, and unceasingly prayest to God for it, if thou continue constant in this thy desire, it will be granted unto thee without fail, even if only in the day or hour of thy death; and if God should not give it thee then, thou wilt find it in Him in eternity; of this be assured.”

Therefore do not relinquish your desire, though it be not fulfilled immediately, or though ye may swerve from your aspirations, or even forget them for a time. But when ye hear the

word of God, surrender yourselves to it, as if for eternity, with a full purpose of will to retain it in your mind, and to order your life according to it; and let it sink down right deep into your heart as into an eternity. If afterward it should come to pass that you let it slip, yet the love and aspiration which once really existed live forever before God, and in Him ye shall find the fruit thereof; that is, to all eternity it shall be better for you than if you had never felt them.

What we can DO is a small thing; but we can will and aspire to great things. Thus, if a man cannot be great, he can be good in will; and what he, with his whole heart and mind, love and desire, wills to be, that without doubt he most truly is. It is little we can bring to pass, but our will and desire may be large. Nay, they may grow till they lose themselves in the infinite abyss of God.

JOHN TAULER.

THOU, O Elder Brother, who
In thy flesh our trial knew,
Thou, who hast been touched by these
Our most sad infirmities, —
Change the dream of me and mine
For the truth of Thee and Thine,
And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,
Interfuse thy calm of life!
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birthright as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As a hired servant be ;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do ;
Clothe with life the weak intent ;
Let me be the thing I meant ;

Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THOU knowest our bitterness, — our joys are thine,
No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild:
Nor could we bear to think how every line
Of us, Thy darkened image and defiled,
Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
But that Thou callest us brethren! Sweet repose
Is in that word: the Lord who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.

KEBLE.

THE TRUE LIGHT.



O Jesus ! Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire, —
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire, —
Stay with us, Lord ! and with Thy light
Illumine the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

SAINT BERNARD.

O LIFE that breathest in all sweet things
That bud and bloom upon the earth ;
That fillest the sky with songs and wings ;
That walkest the world through human birth !

O Life, that lightest in every man
A spark of Thine own being's flame,
And wilt that spark to glory fan, —
Our listening souls would hear Thy name.

Thou art the eternal Christ of God ;
The Life unending, unbegin ;
The Deity brightening through the clod ;
The Presence of the Invisible One !

THE TRUE LIGHT.

“That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.”

PHILIPPIANS iii. 8, 9.

IT is recorded of one of the world's gifted painters, that he stood before the masterpiece of the great genius of his age,—one which he could never hope to equal, nor even rival,—and yet the infinite superiority, so far from crushing him, only elevated his feeling, for he saw realized those conceptions which had floated before him, dim and unsubstantial; in every line and touch he felt a spirit immeasurably superior, yet kindred, and is reported to have exclaimed, with dignified humility, “And I too am a painter!” We must all have felt, when certain effects in nature, combinations of

form and color, have been presented to us, our own idea speaking in intelligible and yet celestial language; when, for instance, the long bars of purple, "edged with intolerable radiance," seemed to float in a sea of pale pure green,—when the whole sky seemed to reel with thunder; when the night-wind moaned. It is wonderful how the most commonplace men and women are elevated by such scenes; how the slumbering grandeur of their nature wakes and acknowledges kindred with the sky and storm. "I cannot speak," they would say, "the feelings which are in me; I have had emotions, aspirations, thoughts; I cannot put them into words. Look there! Listen now to the storm! That is what I meant, only I could never say it out till now." Thus do art and nature speak for us, and thus do we adopt them as our own. This is the way in which His righteousness becomes righteousness for us. This is the way in which the heart presents to God the sacrifice of Christ; gazing on that perfect Life, we, as

it were, say, "That is my religion,—that is my righteousness,—what I want to be, which I am not,—that is my offering, my life as I would wish to give it, freely and not checked, entire and perfect." So the old prophets, their hearts big with unutterable thoughts, searched "what or what manner of time the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and of the glory which should follow"; and so with us, until it passes into prayer:

"My Saviour, fill up the blurred and blotted sketch which my clumsy hand has drawn of a divine life, with the fulness of Thy perfect picture. I feel the beauty which I cannot realize: robe me in Thine unutterable purity!"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

F. W. ROBERTSON.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast ;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

O hope of every contrite heart !
O joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind Thou art ;
How good to those who seek !

And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus, — what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

SAINT BERNARD.

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

JOHN I. 29.

THIS one perfect character has come into our world, and lived in it; filling all the moulds of action, all the terms of duty and love, with his own divine manners, works, and charities. All the conditions of our life are raised thus, by the meaning he has shown to be in them, and the grace he has put upon them.

The world itself is changed, and is no more the same that it was; it has never been the same, since Jesus left it. The air is charged with heavenly odors, and a kind of celestial consciousness, a sense of other worlds, is wafted on us in its breath. Let the dark ages come, let society roll backward and churches perish in whole regions of the earth, let infidelity deny, and, what is worse, let spurious piety dishonor, the truth; still there is a something here that was not, and a something that has

immortality in it. Still our confidence remains unshaken, that Christ and his all-quickening life are in the world as fixed elements, and will be to the end of time; for Christianity is not so much the advent of a better doctrine, as of a perfect character; and how can a perfect character, once entered into life and history, be separated and finally expelled?

It were easier to untwist all the beams of light in the sky, separating and expunging one of the colors, than to get the character of Jesus, which is the real Gospel, out of the world. Look ye hither, meantime, all ye blinded and fallen of mankind, a better nature is among you, a pure heart, out of some pure world, is come into your prison, and walks it with you. Do you require of us to show who he is, and definitely to expound his person? We may not be able. Enough to know that he is not of us,—some strange being out of nature and above it, whose name is Wonderful. Enough that sin has never touched his hallowed nature,

and that he is a friend. In him dawns a hope, —purity has not come into our world except to purify. “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!” Light breaks in, peace settles on the air; lo! the prison walls are giving way,—rise, let us go!

H. BUSHNELL.

To thee, to all, my sinking voice,
Belovéd, would once more proclaim,
In Christ alone mayest thou rejoice,
Deceived by every other name.

In all but Him our sins have been,
And wanderings dark of doubtful mind:
In Him alone on earth is seen
God's perfect will for all mankind.

STERLING.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

JEREMIAH xxxi. 3.

Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new,—too late I loved Thee! For Thou wert within and I abroad; there I searched for Thee,—I, in my deformity, plunging among the fair forms which Thou hadst made. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which, unless they were in Thee were not at all.

Thou didst call, and shout, and didst burst through my deafness. Thou didst flash, and shine, and scatter my blindness. Thou didst breathe forth odors, and with every breath I draw I pant for Thee. I tasted, and I hunger and thirst. Thou didst touch me, and I yearned for Thy peace.

Where hast Thou not walked with me, O Truth, teaching me what to beware, and what

to desire, when I referred to Thee whatever I could discover in this earthly state? Nor in all these things can I find any safe place for my soul, but only in Thyself; there may my scattered members be gathered, so that nothing of me shall be separated from Thee.

And sometimes Thou admittest me to an unusual affection, felt in my inmost soul, and rising to a strange sweetness, which, if it were perfected in me, I know not what in it would not belong to the life to come.

O Truth who art Eternity! and Love who art Truth! and Eternity who art Love! Thou art my God: to Thee do I cry night and day!

CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

LONG had my tears of penitence
From sleepless eyes been falling ;
Long had I heard the angel-voice
That through my soul kept calling ;
One night I watched the shapeless clouds
That o'er my mind were rolling,
Till the clock's slow and measured tones
The hour of twelve were tolling.

• Then o'er the loved disciple's page
Was I my vigil keeping :
I read, and mused, and read again,
While all the world was sleeping :
And as I mused, I felt a fire
Within me gently glowing ;
Passion sunk low, as drooping gales
At hush of eve stop blowing.

• The clouds that o'er my spirit hung
Gave sweet and gentle warning ;
They changed to white and purpling flakes
As at the dawn of morning ;

And then looked through the countenance,
Clothed in its sun-bright splendor,
Of Him who o'er His saints of old
Kept holy watch and tender.

His robe was white as flakes of snow
When through the air descending ;
I saw the clouds beneath Him melt,
And rainbows o'er him bending ;—
And then a voice, — no, not a voice, —
A deep and calm revealing
Came through me like a vesper-strain
O'er tranquil waters stealing.

And ever since, that countenance
Is on my pathway shining ;
A sun from out a higher sky
Whose light knows no declining.
All day it falls upon my road,
And keeps my feet from straying ;
And when at night I lay me down
I fall asleep while praying.

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants."

PSALM XC. 16.

IT is the Cross that intensifies, that glorifies life, that opens up depth after depth in the human and in the Divine natures, and bridges over the depths which it has disclosed. Here only, at the foot of the Cross, can man really die,—here only, with his loving, his suffering Lord, can he lay down his life, that he may receive it again in Him.

Show Thy servants Thy work, and their own will be indeed easy; for "in the blood is the life." We go on asking, What shall we do that we may inherit eternal life? until, through the sudden shining of a light from heaven, or the gradual dawning of a day-star within our own hearts, we learn that our part is to live, to die, in the strength of that which has been already done. And it is remarkable that, until through the Spirit we feel Christ within us as one that is alive from the dead, the fact of His

death seems to affect us but little. Though no sorrow was ever like unto His sorrow, it is nothing to those that pass by,—a story often told,—an accepted history. Only to those who believe is Christ precious, for they only know their Lord in the fellowship of His sufferings, in the power of His resurrection.

True self-renunciation, much as has been said and written about it, is not easy. No sight, short of that great one of sacrifice and love, can turn the heart from its own works, to fix it upon the one work through which the spiritual man is aware that his very imperfection is accepted. For all men seek and love their own. The natural man cleaves to his own works and efforts, as being part of that body of self which no man ever yet hated; and from this natural adhesion there is no escape save in rising to a state of being wherein frail, self-seeking mortality is to be swallowed up in a divine life. Then being made partaker of a life in which Christ is his own, it becomes natural, and, as it

were, an instinct, to love and cleave to Him.
It is the soul's natural life.

A PRESENT HEAVRN.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again :
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

“Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.”

MALACHI iv. 2.

CHRIST is *the Lord our Righteousness*. He did not come down to earth to lead a holy and righteous life for His own sake. He was all holiness and all righteousness from the beginning, yea, from all eternity, dwelling in the bosom of the Father, full of grace and truth. But He came down to earth to lead a holy and righteous life for our sakes, in order that we might become sharers in His righteousness, and that so He might raise us along with himself to His Father and ours. It was for us that He was born; for us He went about doing good patiently and unweariedly in spite of hatred and scorn and persecution; for us He bore all the hardships and crosses of life; for us He submitted to be tempted; for us He overcame sin; for us He allowed the shadow of death to flit over His eternal spirit; for us He burst

the bonds of death; it was for us, too, that He went up openly to His Father, and sent His Holy Spirit to convince us of His righteousness; for us also does He ever sit, the Sun of Righteousness, in the heavens. When the sun rises to convince the world of light, he does not keep his light to himself: he does not journey through the sky merely to convince the world that he himself is light. He sheds his light abroad on all that will unfold themselves to receive it. So, too, does the Sun of Righteousness. On all who will open their hearts to receive it, He sheds His righteousness; he pours it into them, that they may have it in themselves, and manifest it to each other, and behold it in each other.

When we are thoroughly convinced that Christ's righteousness is ours, the righteousness which He purposes to bestow upon mankind, — that He came not for His own sake, but for ours, in order that He might give us all that we lack out of His exceeding abundance, — then

indeed a bright ray of joy and comfort darts through the heart, startling the frost-bound waters out of their year-long sleep. Then the soul, which before was as a wilderness and a solitary place,—solitary, because God was far from it,—yea, the barren desert of the heart rejoices and blossoms as the rose. All its hidden powers, all its suppressed feelings, so long smothered by the unresisted blasts of the world, unfold like rose-leaves before the Sun of Righteousness; and each and all are filled and transpierced with His gladdening, beautifying light.

MISSION OF THE COMFORTER.

WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone;

And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come! for I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again!

Yes; Thou wilt visit me!
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

JONES VERY.

BEARING THE CROSS.



“O Cross, we hail thy bitter reign ;
O come, thou well-beloved guest,
Whose sorest sufferings work not pain,
Whose heaviest burden is but rest !”



By the thorn-road, and no other,
Is the mount of triumph won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother
Jesus trod it : press thou on !

S JOHNSON.

To sacrifice — to share, —
Giving as Jesus gave, —
For others' wants to care,
Not our own lives to save, —

This is the living bread
Which cometh down from heaven,
Wherewith our souls are fed, —
The pure, immortal leaven.

The hidden manna this,
Whereof who eateth, he
Grows up in perfectness
Of Christlike symmetry.

Who seeks this bread shall be
Nor stinted nor denied ;
Our hungry souls in Thee,
O Christ, are satisfied !

BEARING THE CROSS.

“He saved others; himself he cannot save.”

MATTHEW xxvii. 42.

SACRIFICE is the law of being. It is a mysterious and a fearful thing to observe how all God's universe is built upon this law, how it penetrates and pervades all Nature, so that if it were to cease, Nature would cease to exist. Harken to the Saviour himself expounding this principle:—

“Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.” We are justified, therefore, in assuming the law of Nature to be the law of His own sacrifice, for He himself represents it as the parallel.

Observe this world of God's. The mountain

rock must have its surface rusted into putrescence, and become dead soil, before the herb can grow. The destruction of the mineral is the life of the vegetable. Out of the soil in which deciduous leaves are buried the young tree shoots vigorously, and strikes its roots deep down into the realms of decay and death. Upon the life of the vegetable world the myriad forms of higher life sustain themselves;—still the same law, the sacrifice of life for life.

It is as impossible for man to live as it is for man to be redeemed, except through vicarious suffering. His very being has its roots in the law of sacrifice, and from his birth onwards, instinctively this becomes the law which rules his existence. No blessing was ever enjoyed by man which did not come through this law. There was never a country cleared for civilization, and purified of its swamps and forests, but the first settlers paid the penalty of that which their successors enjoy. There was never a victory won but the conquerors passed over the

bodies of the noblest slain, who died that they might win.

All this is the law obeyed unconsciously or instinctively. But, in the redemption of our humanity, a moment comes when the law is recognized as the will of God, adopted consciously, and voluntarily obeyed as the law of man's existence. Then it is that man's true nobleness, his only possible blessedness, and his redemption from blind instincts and mere selfishness begin. The Highest Man recognized that law, and joyfully embraced it. Hear him: "No man taketh my life from me. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." "This commandment have I received of my Father."

Estimate rightly the death of Christ. It was not simply the world's example,—it was the world's sacrifice. He died not merely as a martyr to the truth: His death is the world's life. Ask you what life is? Life is elevation of soul, nobleness, Divine character. The spirit

of Christ was life; to give, and not to receive.

Hear him again: "He that loseth his life, the same shall find it." That is life, the spirit of losing all for Love's sake. That is the soul's life, which alone is blessedness and heaven.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O Thou who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thine own meek head was by earth's tempests bowed.
Raise thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud!

Even through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb
That light of love our guiding star shall be :
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour ! which doth lead to Thee !

S. E. MILES.

CHRIST leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before :
He that into God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see,
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be !

My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

“But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father shall send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and shall bring all things to remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.”

JOHN xiv. 26

OFTEN years will pass away, over us as over the disciples, long years, during which we may hear the word of the Lord daily, and yet are not penetrated thoroughly thereby. He evermore opens the fountains of His grace, to refresh us with His life-giving water; but we let it dry up without drinking it into our hearts. We feel indeed that he is holding out something grand and glorious; and we take pleasure in His words: but that which is deepest and most precious in them is totally lost to us, because our sense for it has not yet been awakened. He has so many things to say to us; but we cannot bear them yet; for the life-giving spirit has not come and enlightened us. We often pass on blindly, when He desires to give us His richest and most glorious revelations: often we

are unable to understand what He means, when He addresses us with His deep, spiritual words.

Whence comes this? whence, except that we, like His first disciples, want that experience of life which alone can open our minds to receive His deeper meaning. For he who knows not the world and its manifold complicated relations from his own observation,—he who has not yet felt the insecurity and mutability of this transitory existence,—he who has never yet been tossed to and fro by the storms of life, and so has had little occasion to look beyond this temporal to an eternal state,—such a person can understand but little of Him who came for this very purpose, to bring mankind to eternal life: his life will be like a smooth surface, into which the healing waters of the Gospel cannot enter, and from which they glide off without effect.

O, they will come for us too, the more our outward sphere of life unfolds and widens,—they will come, the days of heavy sorrow, the dark hours when we shall see what was dearest

and most precious to us on this earth vanish away, — the heavy, crushing state, in which we can find neither counsel nor comfort, — they will come, the times of distress, in which our human neighbors have neither power nor will to help us. But along with them comes the Holy Spirit, whom the Saviour promised to send, and lifts up man's downcast eyes from temporal things to eternal; He raises the quaking heart to prayer, and intercedes for it with unutterable groanings; He purifies, comforts, and strengthens it; and through the clouds which surround us He shows us the bright form of the Saviour, and places us beneath the rays of His eternal light.

Thenceforward we understand, far otherwise than before, what He meant when He called upon us to enter into the communion of His sufferings, and to be fashioned after the likeness of His death. The Word of Life comes suddenly before our soul in wonderful clearness; and the sorrowing heart finds therein.

what the glad heart did not seek, a sacred, inexhaustible fountain of everlasting life, and that rich, heavenly consolation which the world cannot give.

HOSSBACH.

O SAVIOUR! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the sun, and as glad as the morn:
Thou show'dst me the path,— it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown ;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave ;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown ;
I asked, and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to Thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign,

O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod !
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

R. GRANT.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand,
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend ;
And though He does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.

“I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”

JOHN xvi. 32.

THERE is a feeble and sentimental way in which we speak of the Man of Sorrows. We turn to the cross, and the agony, and the loneliness, to touch the softer feelings, to arouse compassion. Compassion! Compassion for Him! Adore if you will,—respect and reverence that sublime solitariness with which none but the Father was,—but no pity; let it draw out the firmer and manlier graces of the soul!

The Saviour's solitariness was not the trial of the lonely hermit. There is a certain gentle and pleasing melancholy in the life which is lived alone. But there are the forms of nature to speak to him; and he has not the positive opposition of mankind, if he has the absence of actual sympathy. But the solitude of Christ was the solitude of a crowd. In that single bosom dwelt the Thought which was to be the germ of the world's life,—a thought unshared, misunderstood, or rejected.

This is self-reliance, — to repose calmly on the thought which is deepest in our bosoms, and be unmoved if the world will not accept it yet. To live on your own convictions against the world is to overcome the world; to believe that what is truest in you is true for all; to abide by that, certain that while you stand firm, the world will come round to you, — that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions; nor is it difficult to mix with men, and follow their convictions; but to enter into the world, and there live firmly and fearlessly according to your own conscience, — that is Christian greatness.

We shrink from the consequences of truth. We look round and cling dependently. We ask what men will think, what they will say. The Father, — the Father which is with us and in us, — what does He think? God's work cannot be done without a spirit of independence. A man is got some way in the Christian life when

he has learned to say humbly, and yet majestically, "I dare to be alone."

Whatever timid minds may think, there is here no danger of mistake, if the character be a true one. For we are not in uncertainty in this matter. It has been given us to know our base from our noble hours; to distinguish between the voice which is from above, and that which speaks from below, out of the abyss of our animal and selfish nature. Doubtless deep truth of character is required for this: for the whispering voices get mixed together, and we dare not abide by our own thoughts, because we think them our own, and not God's: and this because we only now and then endeavor to know in earnest. It is only given to the habitually true to know the difference. Christ knew it; He could say, "My judgment is just, *because* I seek not my own will, but the will of Him which sent me."

F. W. ROBERTSON.

THEY call me haughty, of opinion proud,
Untaught to bend a stubborn will ;
Ah, little dreams the shallow-hearted crowd
What thoughts this bosom fill,
What loneliness this outer strength doth hide,
What longing lies beneath this calm,
For human sympathy so long untried,
Our earth's divinest balm.

But more than sympathy the truth I prize ;
Above my friendships hold I God ;
And stricken be these feet ere they despise
The path their Master trod.
So let my banner be again unfurled,
Again its cheerless motto seen,
"The world against me, I against the world":
Judge Thou, dear Christ, between !

"ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM."

W. R. Huntington

“Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.”

HEBREWS xii. 6.

YES, who can venture to deny it? There are sufferings in the world, the spectacle of which tempts us to doubt the rule of an All-just Providence, and the value of piety and virtue; when our faith and trust give way, and unconquerable melancholy takes possession of the soul.

Yet, however furiously the storms of life may rage around us, though every door of escape may seem closed against us, though the light on our path through life be extinguished, though the last friend depart from us, though our grief and distress may have reached their climax, life and death be struggling for mastery within us,—God is still our God! That which He withholds from our earthly part will form the strength of our immortal soul; that which we have lost, and may still lose, was and is only transitory, and to lose it we must all be pre-

pared ; but our spirits are enriched by the bereavement, are brought closer to God thereby.

Therefore courage, unswerving principle, and faith, even in the hour of bitterest trial!

Who has ever promised that thy sweet dreams should prove eternal? And even if, like Job, thou hast been deprived of thy best, thy all, what is it thou hast lost? Mere dust and ashes! The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away!

And all suffering at length conduces to the triumph of the victorious spirit, and opens to it a more glorious career in eternity. God is just! Throughout the creation there is nothing wrong or unjust. Everything leads upward to a glorious end. God the rewarder lives.

ZSCHOKKE.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not .

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 't is short,— if long, 't is light,—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land,—
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

“Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.”

JOHN xv. 2.

SORROW sobers us, and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night, so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much, because it is good for him, and it will help to make him sure of his being immortal. It is not in the bright, happy day, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distances. And it is in sorrow—the night of the soul—that we see farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity and sons and daughters of the Most High.

EUTHANASY.

SUFFERING well borne is better than suffering removed. I know enough of gardening to un-

derstand that if I would have a tree grow upon its south side, I must cut off the branches there. Then all its forces go to repairing the injury, and twenty buds shoot out where otherwise there would have been but one. When we reach the garden above, we shall find that out of those very wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing precious fruit, a thousand-fold.

H. W. BEECHER.

OUR Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backwards: we see and feel well his setting, but we shall read the print yonder, in the life to come.

MARTIN LUTHER.

WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him? he knows not what he can,
What cannot, bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain
Mixed all with dross :
To lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

Yet, when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content,
The grief, whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, "O spare me here!
O no, not this!"

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Nay then ; but He, who best doth understand
Both what we need
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

“For the love of Christ constraineth us.”

2 CORINTHIANS V. 14.

THE death of Christ was a representation of the life of God. The whole of the life of God is the sacrifice of self. God is love; love is sacrifice,—to give rather than to receive,—the blessedness of self-giving. If the life of God were not such, it would be a falsehood to say that God is Love.

If man is to rise into the life of God, he must be absorbed into the spirit of that sacrifice; he must die with Christ, if he would enter into his proper life. For sin is the withdrawing into self and egotism, out of the vivifying life of God, which alone is our true life.

Self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-surrender! Hard doctrines, and impossible! We sceptically ask, “Is this possible? is it natural? Let preacher and moralist say what they will, I am not here to sacrifice myself for others. God sent me here for happiness, not for misery.” Read these words,

and the dark doctrine becomes illuminated;—
“The *love* of Christ constraineth us.” Self-denial, for the sake of self-denial, does no good; self-sacrifice for its own sake is no religious act at all. If you give up a meal for the sake of showing power over self, or for the sake of self-discipline, you are not more religious than before. This is mere self-culture, which, being occupied forever about self, leaves you only in that circle of self from which religion is to free you; but to give up a meal that one you love may have it, is properly a religious act,—no hard and dismal duty, because made easy by affection. To bear pain for the sake of bearing it has in it no moral quality at all; but to bear it rather than surrender truth, or in order to save another, is positive enjoyment, as well as ennobling to the soul. Did you ever receive even a blow meant for another in order to shield that other? Do you not know that there was actual pleasure in that keen pain far beyond the most rapturous thrill of nerve which could be gained from

pleasure in the midst of painlessness? Is not the mystic yearning of love expressed in words most purely thus, — Let me suffer for him?

This element of love is that which makes this doctrine an intelligible and blessed truth. Sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural, and dead; but self-sacrifice, illuminated by love, is warmth and life; it is the death of Christ, the life of God, the blessedness and only proper life of man.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

I SAID, This task is keen. —
But even while I spake, Thou, Love Divine,
Didst stand behind, and gently overlean
My drooping form; and oh! what task had been
Too stern for feebleness with help of Thine?
Spell Thou this lesson with me line by line!
The sense is rigid, but the voice is dear.
Guide Thou my hand within that hand of Thine, —
Thy wounded hand! — until its tremblings take
Strength from Thy touch, and even for Thy sake
Trace out each character in outline clear.

DORA GREENWELL.

✓ HAVE you never felt the pleasure
 Of forgiving fraud and wrong
 Rippling through your soul like measure
 Sweet of sweetest poet's song?
 Have you never felt that beauty
 Lies in pain for others borne, —
 That the sacredness of duty
 Bid you offer love for scorn?
 'T is the Christian, not the Stoic,
 That best triumphs over pain.

REVERBERATIONS.

THOUGH Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
 If He 's not born in thee, thy heart is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul :
 The cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.

ANGELUS SILESIVS.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.



The Hand that strews the earth with flowers
Enriched the marriage-feast with wine ;
The Hand once pierced for sins of ours
This morning made the dew-drops shine.

It freely gives its very best,
Not barely what the need may be,
But for the joy of making blest ;—
Teach us to love and give like Thee !

Not narrowly men's claims to measure,
But daily question all our powers,
"To whose cup can we add a pleasure ?
Whose path can we make bright with flowers ?"

THREE WAKINGS

HAND in hand with angels
Through the world we go :
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know :
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own :
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels, —
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere, we meet,
Though unfedged and songless,
Birds of Paradise :
Heaven looks at us, daily,
Out of human eyes.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

“He saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother!”

JOHN xix. 26, 27.

ATTEND carefully to these words. They contain nothing less than the record of a new family relationship on earth. In this fellowship Christ is the head, and all his believing people form one great, closely-connected family. The inner and most essential family feature of this spiritual fraternity is, that self in them is crucified, and Christ is the centre of all their doing and suffering.

Let him who would envy John the pleasing task of being a support to the mother of Jesus, reflect on a previous expression of our Lord's: “Whoever shall do the will of my Father which

is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

If thou art really desirous of the privilege enjoyed by John, be, from love to the Lord, a faithful helper to His children. Become feet to the lame, eyes to the blind, the counsellor and father of the orphan, and thou wilt be taking His place on earth, as did his disciple of old. Only apply to Him to open thine eyes, that thou mayst recognize His quiet and holy household, and even as He will say of thee to those who form His spiritual church, "Woman, behold thy son!" so will He also say to thee, with reference to His weary and heavy-laden ones, "Behold thy mother!"

For tell me, what would be wanting to make this world a kingdom of heaven, if that tender, profound, and self-denying love, practised and recommended by Jesus, were paramount in every heart? Then the loftiest and most glorious idea of human society would be realized.

Be convinced, therefore, that you are invited

and allowed by Jesus, not merely that you may be happy in heaven, but that, by doing His will, the earth may once more be transformed into a paradise.

KRUMMACHER.

MEEK Jesus, to my soul Thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love,
With humblest service all Thy saints' befriending
Until I serve before Thy throne above.
Yea, serving even my foes ; for Thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

O blessed name of *servant!* comprehending
Man's highest honor in his humblest name ;
For Thou, God's Christ, the office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim.
He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low.

G. W. BETHUNE.

“ But love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again : and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest : for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil.”

LUKE vi. 35.

IN a truly godlike man his love is pure and unmixed, and full of kindness, insomuch that he cannot but love in sincerity all men and things, and wish well and do good to them and rejoice in their welfare. Yea, let them do what they will to such a man, do him wrong or kindness, bear him love or hatred, or the like,—yea, if one could kill such a man a thousand times over, he could not but love the very man who had so often slain him, although he had been treated so unjustly, and wickedly, and cruelly by him, and could not but wish well, and do well to him, and show him the very greatest kindness in his power, if the other would only receive and take it at his hands.

The proof and witness whereof may be seen in Christ ; for he said to Judas, when he be-

trayed him, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" Just as if he had said, "Thou hatest me, and art my enemy, yet I love thee, and am thy friend. Thou desirest and rejoicest in my affliction, and dost the worst thou canst unto me, yet I desire and wish thee all good, and would fain give it thee, and do it for thee, if thou wouldst but take and receive it."

As though God in human nature were saying, "I am pure, simple Goodness, and therefore I cannot will, or desire, or rejoice in, or do or give anything but goodness. If I am to reward thee for thy evil and wickedness, I must do it with goodness, for I am and have nothing else." Hence therefore God, in a man who is made partaker of His nature, desireth and taketh no revenge for all the wrong that is or can be done unto him. This we see in Christ when he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Neither may a man who is made partaker of the divine nature, oppress or grieve any one.

That is, it never entereth into his thoughts, or intents, or wishes, to cause pain or distress to any, either by deed or neglect, by speech or silence.

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.

- “EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour, was thy mind ;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find ;
Yet that mind which was in Thee,
May be, must be formed in me.
- “Days of toil 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not thy soul ;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control :
Lord, that mind which was in Thee,
May be, must be formed in me.
- “Though such griefs were Thine to bear,
For each sufferer Thou couldst feel ;
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal ;
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee !”

“Faith, which worketh by love.”

GALATIANS V. 6.

LOVE, in general, is but sickly; that love which we learn in Christ, can alone be called healthy. This, indeed, is a healthy love, since it can actually forget the love of self. Ah, truly, that is no common thing to which our Lord refers, when he speaks of doing good; the left hand not knowing what the right hand does; the witness being that Eye only which seeth in secret. . . . How many there are who desire at least one witness of their good deeds, one at least who may hear them say, “This is mine.”

O, where are those noble souls to be found, who, all unconscious of themselves, daily pursue their career like the sun, which rises each morning in the heavens, and scatters its gold to the left and to the right, on the mountains and in the valleys;—those noble souls, that by an inward necessity here create and renew, there beautify and heal, and everywhere bless, like the

sun, that cannot but give light. There is but One, in whom such an image of high love has appeared to us in its entire purity, and it is only by faith in Him that such self-sacrificing love is produced.

THOLUCK.

O HUMAN heart! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

S. F. ADAMS.

“FOR no one doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and beauty may after him go:
Thus onward we move,
And, save God above,
None guesseth how wondrous the journey will prove.”

“ At evening time it shall be light.”

ZECCHARIAH xiv. 7.

EVENING brings with it the thought of home and rest, the desire for communing around the hearth with those of our own family and household. Many steps are now surely, though perhaps half instinctively seeking the Father's house; there is a sound of home-going feet, a murmur of anxious, loving recognition. The approach of night brings with it a sense of need and dependence, and in this, the World's great evening, the heart has become more alive to the pulsation which is ever at work throughout the whole of Christ's mystical Body, — a secret perhaps not to be entered upon very early in the believer's day. For the characteristic of the religious or seeking soul is solitariness. It is the withdrawal of the soul into the wilderness, there, in that deepened sense of personal accountability in which most religious convictions begin, to plead with God face to face, of individual

sin, for individual redemption ; its cry is, " Lord, save *me*, for I perish." The characteristic of the godly, the accepted soul, so joined unto the Lord as to be of one spirit with him, is fellowship ; in awaking up into Christ it awakes unto its brethren ; its exclamation is that of the Psalmist, " Behold, there are many with me."

And though the believer often seems, like his Master, to tread the wine-press alone, neither his conflicts nor his triumphs are ever really solitary. " Multitudes, multitudes," if unseen, are ever around him. Our Lord in his last solemn hour speaks of sanctifying himself *for the sake of* those whom the Father had given him, that they also might be sanctified through the truth ; and though we may be unable as yet to pierce to the heart of all that is included in those words, "*Because I live, ye shall live also,*" we know enough even now to be aware that heaven and earth are drawn so much the nearer each other for every soul in living communion with Christ. As every waste and barren spot be-

comes a centre for noisome exhalations to gather in, a haunt for doleful creatures to repair to, so for every piece of territory reclaimed unto God, the whole garden of the Lord advances by so much nearer its final blossoming as the rose.

PATIENCE OF HOPE.

THERE is a multitude around
Responsive to my prayer ;
I hear the voice of my desire
Resounding everywhere.
But the earnest of eternal joy
In every prayer I trace ;
I see the glory of the Lord
On every chastened face.

How oft in still communion known,
Those spirits have been sent
To share the travail of my soul,
Or show me what it meant !
And I long to do some work of love
No spoiling hand could touch,

For the poor and suffering of Thy flock
Who comfort me so much.

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care!

I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

“Thou art my portion!” saith my soul,—
Ten thousand voices say,—
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

ANNA L. WARING.

“God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.”

1 JOHN IV. 16.

SINCE it is by love, an inward delightful emotion of the heart, that a man enters into God, and God comes into man, he who has thus become God's must desire none other than God. And because God is love, and desires to dwell in others, He has opened His heart unto all creatures, and poured forth unto them as much of His goodness and beauty as they were able to receive ; so a man who has shared this love desires that his heart should ever stand open with thoughts of kindness to all about him, that on them may fall again what he has received from God. As a ray of light in a pure drop of water is divided into seven colors, so is it with love in a pure heart, it divides into more than sevenfold virtue ; yea, rather, all virtue springs from it alone.

Love is greater than faith or hope, for be-

yond that limit where faith and hope depart, love still remains. Love, which is the door through which God enters into the heart of man, and man into God, is eternal. And as the door in this poor temporal life was but a little gate that did not always stand open, but was often shut by a strong gust of wind,—in heaven the poor little gate will become a mighty portal, standing open night and day, which no storm-wind will ever close, through which the soul will freely pass into the heart of God and all creatures.

O, since in this life love has made us so rich, though but a little brook, which, when the sun shone fiercely, was almost dried up, how rich will it not make us, when the little brook has become the stream, yea, the ocean ;—when it pours forth from the heart of God in full spring-tide, when sin shall no more build a barrier in the heart of the creature, and there shall be a full and sacred giving and receiving between earth and heaven, and among all that is in heaven and upon earth

O who has so exalted an understanding that he
can truly say what love is?

THOLUCK.

“**LOVE**, in all its depth and height,
I will sing, and never weary, —
Love, which maketh life so bright,
And the drooping heart so cheery, —
Love, whose fountain is with God,
And whose streams in Christ descending,
Flow where'er his footsteps trod,
With all human blessings blending.

“Sunbeams dancing on the sea,
South wind blowing o'er the meadow,
Bird and blossom on the tree,
Summer shine and summer shadow, --
Outward glancings of the Love
That within, in fadeless beauty,
Lights and leads my steps above,
Up the rugged paths of duty.

“Love ! my God and King thou art !
Ever will I bow before Thee :
Ever shall this grateful heart
Own Thy Kingdom and adore Thee ;
Neither life nor death can e'er
From Thy love, my Saviour, sever ;
Love hath made the sinner dear,
And that love endureth ever.”

WHEREVER upward, even the lowest round
Man by a hand's help lifts his feebler brother,
There is the house of God, and holy ground :
The gate of heaven is Love ; there is no other.
When generous acts bloom from unselfish thought,
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.

"I have called you friends."

JOHN XV. 15.

To know that there are some souls, hearts and minds, here and there, who trust us, and whom we trust ; some who know us, and whom we know ; some on whom we can always rely, and who will always rely on us, — makes a paradise of this great world. The only really solid thing in this universe is love. This makes our life really life. This makes us immortal while we are here. This makes us sure that death is no end, but only a beginning, to us and to all we love.

It is only love and insight which show us all we have ever done. Cold sagacity misjudges us: mere sympathy, feeble good-nature, soothes, but does not essentially help us. But love illuminated by truth, truth warmed through and through by love, — these perform for us the most blessed thing that one human being can do for another. They show us to ourselves ; they show us what

we really are, what we have been, may be, can be, shall be.

It is not enough to know the outward facts of a man's life in order to know him. His actions are the smallest part of him. Beneath all his acts is the man himself, with his hope, his aim, his purpose, his conviction, his longing, his sin and remorse, his faith and struggle. *This* is the real man, and you can never know him till you have begun to love him; then he lets you into his inward experience, and you know him well.

Jesus teaches us to know God by showing Him to us as our Father and Friend. It is by coming to Him day by day, and trusting in Him, and leaning on His help, and believing in His Providence, and conversing with Him in throbs and aspirations of prayer, that we come at last to be as certain of God's presence and love as of our own existence.

When we know God as He is, we have found a friend who knows us better than we know ourselves, helps us when we cannot help ourselves

forgives us when we cannot forgive ourselves, and, in the midst of our mighty despair, breathes around our heart the perfumed breath of a new and divine hope. All our faculties unfold in their true method and order: we see that life is sweet, that duty is attractive, that truth is inspiration, and that love is divine.

J. F. CLARKE

I CAN touch

This border of Thy garment ; now I know
I love Thee, Lord, I will not let Thee go ;
I will not ask, " Are these beloved too much ?"
Too little, Lord ! because my heart is cold
In loving Thee ! I make with one of old
This fervent prayer, Do Thou enlarge my coast
And o'er it rule Thyself ! Where Thou art most
Beloved, is room for all ! The heart grows wide
That holdeth Thee ! a Heaven where none doth press
Upon the other, none of more or less
Doth ask solicitous, for even there
Is bread enough, and fulness still to spare,
And none that come depart unsatisfied.

DORA GREENWELL.

“ALL ye are brethren !” Down the aisle of ages
The Master’s word comes ringing from afar,
And the sad Past’s tear-blotted, sin-stained pages
Are lit with brightness from the Bethlehem-star.

The sightless stranger by the wayside crying,
The lonely widow of her son bereft,
The helpless cripple at Bethesda lying,
The leper, by his nearest kindred left, —

These, were His brethren. To one certain haven
We voyage on across the same deep sea,
And upon every brow alike is graven
The common seal of our humanity.

Levite and priest may look and pass unheeding,
Nor care to claim the brotherhood divine ;
But when our brother by the way lies bleeding,
Ours be the hands to pour in oil and wine !

J. B. MUNRO.

REST AND JOY



My heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing ;
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set ; —
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet !

ANNA L. WARING.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
" Come unto me and rest !
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast ! "

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and faint, and sad :
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

BONAR.

REST AND JOY.



“Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you.”

JOHN xiv. 27.

THE world proposes rest by the removal of a burden. The Redeemer gives rest by giving us the spirit and power to bear the burden. “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” Christ does not promise a rest of inaction, neither that the thorns shall be converted into roses, nor that the trials of life shall be removed. It matters not in what circumstances men are, whether high or low, never shall the Rest of Christ be found in ease and self-gratification ; never, throughout eternity, will there be rest found in a life of freedom from duty. The paradise of the sluggard, where there

is no exertion, — the heaven of the coward, where there is no difficulty to be opposed, is not the Rest of Christ. “Take my yoke upon you.” Nay, if God could give us a heaven like that, it would be but misery. The curse on this world is labor; but to him who labors earnestly and truly, it turns to blessedness.

It is not the lake locked in ice that suggests repose, but the river moving on calmly and rapidly in silent majesty and strength. It is not the cattle lying in the sun, but the eagle cleaving the air with fixed pinions, that gives you the idea of repose combined with strength and motion. In creation, the Rest of God is exhibited as a sense of Power which nothing wearies. When chaos burst into harmony, so to speak, God had Rest.

There are two deep principles in Nature in apparent contradiction, — one, the aspiration after perfection, the other, the longing after repose. In the harmony of these lies the rest of the soul of man. There have been times when we have

experienced this. Then the winds have been hushed, and the throb and the tumult of the passions have been blotted out of our bosoms. That was a moment when we were in harmony with all around, reconciled to ourselves and to our God; when we sympathized with all that was pure, all that was beautiful, all that was lovely. This was not stagnation, it was fulness of life,—life in its most expanded form, such as Nature witnessed in her first hour. This is life in that form of benevolence which expands into the mind of Christ. And when this is working in the soul, it is marvellous how it distils into a man's words and countenance. We do not wonder that when Moses came down from the mount on which he had been bowing in adoration before the harmony of God, his face was shining with a brightness too dazzling to look upon.

There is Rest in Christ, because He is Love. Peace is to be found in taking up in all lowliness and meekness the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully :
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee !

H. B. STOWE.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.”

PSALM *xxiii.* 2.

I TRAVELLED along a broad highway, where was so much dust and tumult that my soul became weary; I looked often to the right and to the left for a diverging road, but I was hurried forward by the tumultuous crowd, and could hardly retain my senses. Then my heavenly Friend sought me in the throng, led me forth by secret ways, and brought me into a green meadow, and by still waters. Ah! how well was it with me there! I have experienced the blessing which the soul enjoys when it quietly rests in God.

“In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,” says the prophet. Yes, there is a power in this rest in God, of which the men who are rushing along the broad and dusty highway can form no conception. The meadows on which the soul refreshes itself are ever green; these sacred truths are continually new.

The path of those who have found the only good Shepherd leads indeed through a narrow and rocky valley, where the crags are united overhead, so that the light of the sun can no longer shine upon the road. But even in the gloomy shade I will not fear. I know that, although I cannot behold it, the sun is still shining. *He is with me.* What clouds are scattered by this single thought !

O gentle Shepherd, guided by Thy hand
 My soul hath found her everlasting rest ;
 Thou leadest me onward towards my Father-land,
 And on the way Thy presence makes me blest !

How well the unbroken calm, so deep and still,
 My soul refreshes, long with tumult filled ;
 And now, methinks, my undivided will
 May to my Shepherd's will forever yield.

THOLUCK.

QUIET from God ! How beautiful to keep
 This treasure the All-Merciful hath given !
 To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
 This incense round us, like a breath from heaven :

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
 To dwell with God, and still with man to feel ;
To bear about forever in the heart
 The gladness which His Spirit doth reveal.

Who shall make trouble then? Not evil minds,
 Which like a shadow o'er creation lower.
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
 How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting pain,
 Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of death :
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
 Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

SARAH J. WILLIAMS.

“PEACE I leave with you!” — the Master's last and
 tenderest bequest, —
Hearts that open to receive it are beyond all longing
 blest:
With his peace, His presence enters, — He, the true
 and only Rest!

“For he is our peace.”

EPHESIANS II. 14.

GOD says the peace of a man who loves Him shall flow like a river; and if ours is not such, it is because its springs are not in Mount Zion, — because its sources are in the marshes and the lowlands, and not the crystal fountains of the hills. This peace shall not be like a shower, falling with temporary abundance, but, like the river that flows by the cottage door, always full and always singing. The man hears it when he rises in the morning; he hears it in the quiet noon; he hears it when the sun goes down; and if he wakes in the night, its sound is in his ears. It was there when he was a child; it was there when he grew up to manhood; it was there when he was an old man; it will murmur by his grave upon its banks, and sing and flow for his children after him. It is to such a river that God likens the divine bounty of peace given to His people.

The child frightened in his play runs to seek his mother. She takes him upon her lap, and presses his head to her bosom, and with tenderest words of love she looks down upon him, and smooths his hair, and kisses his cheek, and wipes away his tears. And then, in a low and gentle voice, she sings some sweet descant, some lullaby of love, and the fear fades out from his face, and a smile of satisfaction plays over it, and at length his eyes close, and he sleeps in the deep depths and delights of peace. God Almighty is the mother, and the soul is the tired child ; and He folds it in His arms, and dispels its fears, and lulls it to repose, saying, "Sleep, my darling, sleep ! It is I who watch thee." "He giveth his beloved sleep." The mother's arms encircle but one ; but God clasps every yearning soul to His bosom, and gives to it the peace which passeth understanding, beyond the reach of care or storm.

H. W. BEECHER.

LIFE'S mystery — deep, restless as the ocean —
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro ;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee !

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands,
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee !

Thy piercé'd hand guides the mysterious wheels ;
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of
power ;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith, " Watch with me one hour."'
As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee !

H. B. STOWE.

“That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.”

JOHN XV. 11.

THE soul is such an instrument that no sooner is it set in peace with itself than it becomes an instrument in tune,—a living instrument, discoursing heavenly music in its thoughts, and chanting melodies of bliss, even in its dreams. When a soul is in this harmony, no fires of calamity, no pains of outward torment, can, for one moment, break the sovereign spell of its joy. It will turn the fires to freshening gales, and the pains to sweet instigations of love and blessing.

We have little conception of the soul's joy, or capacities of joy, till we see it established in God. The Christian soul is one that has come unto God, and rested in the peace of God. It dares to call Him Father, without any sense of daring. It is in such confidence toward Him, that it even partakes His confidence in Himself. It is strong with His strength, having all its faculties in a

glorious play of energy. Having the testimony within, that it pleases God, it approves itself in the holy smile of God, that consciously rests upon it. Divinely guided, walking in the Spirit, it is raised by a kind of inspiration. It sees God and knows him by an immediate and ever-present knowledge, according even to the promise, — “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” It is consciously ennobled, in this manner, by the proximity of God, expanded in volume, raised in greatness, thrilled by the eternal sublimities of God’s deep nature and counsel.

The Christian character is rooted in the Divine love, and in that view is a sovereign bliss welling up from within, — able thus to triumph and sing, independent of all circumstance and condition. A human soul can love everybody, in despite of every hindrance, and by that love can bring everybody into its enjoyment. No power is strong enough to forbid this act of love, none therefore strong enough to conquer the joy of

love ; for whatever is loved, even though it be an enemy, is and must be enjoyed.

Love is joy, and all true joy is love : they cannot be separated. And Christ is an exhibition to us of this fact in his own person, — a revelation of God's eternal joy, as being a revelation of God's eternal love, — coming down thus to utter in our ears this glorious call, as a voice sounding out of God's eternity : "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

Joy is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow, when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven, as a place, will compass it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up, out of the central depths, of eternal springs that hide their waters there.

H. BUSHNELL.

O MAKE me, Lord, thy statutes learn!
Keep in Thy ways my feet!
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.

Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each deed of holiness shall wake
A strain Divine the more.

My voice shall more delight thine ear
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
Those tuneful seraphim!

When, Lord, shall perfect holiness
Make my poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

T. H. GILL.

“Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”

JOHN XI. 29.

THERE is a state of heart which makes truth credible the moment it is uttered. It is credible to some men because of what they are. Love is credible to a loving heart; purity is credible to a pure mind; life is credible to a spirit in which life ever beats strongly: it is incredible to other men. Because of that, such men believe. It is of such a state,—a state of love and hope, which makes the Divine truth credible and natural at once, that Jesus speaks: “Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”

There are men in whom the resurrection *begun* makes the resurrection credible. In them the Spirit of the risen Saviour works already; and they have mounted with Him from the grave. They have risen out of the darkness of doubt, and are expatiating in the brightness and in the sunshine of a Day in which God is ever Light. Their step is as free as if the clay of the sepulchre

had been shaken off; their hearts are lighter than those of other men, and there is in them an un-earthly triumph which they are unable to express. They have risen above the narrowness of life, and all that is petty, ungenerous, and mean. They have risen above fear,—they have risen above self. In the New Testament that is called the spiritual resurrection, or being risen with Christ; and the man in whom all that is working has something more blessed than external evidence to rest upon. He has the witness in himself. The resurrection, in all its heavenliness and un-earthly elevation, has begun within his soul; and he knows, as clearly as if he had demonstration, that it must be developed in an eternal life.

This is the higher and nobler kind of faith. To believe, not because we are learned and can prove, but because there is a something in us, even God's own Spirit, which makes us feel light as light, and truth as truth,—this is the blessed faith

F. W. ROBERTSON.

LORD, a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright :
Fervent was my morning prayer ;
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour! Guardian true!
All my life is Thine to keep ;
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thy arms I fall asleep.

Tender mercies on my way
Falling softly, like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you!

Though I have not what I would ;
Though to greater bliss I go ;

Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me !
Well of joy for which I long !
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song !

ANNA L. WARING.

“ My little song of praise
In sweet content I sing :
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! My King!

“ I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given :
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven.”

FULNESS OF LIFE.



Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow

For him who lives above all years,

Who all-immortal makes the Now,

And is not taken in Time's arrears :

His life 's a hymn

The seraphim

Might hark to hear or help to sing ;

And to his soul

The boundless whole

Its bounty all doth daily bring.

D. A. WASSON.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.

WHEREFORE drink with me, friends ! It is no draught
Of red intoxication : at its brim
No vine-wreathed head of Bacchus ever laughed, —
This pilgrim cup of mine, now worn and dim
With time's rough usage, — no bright bubbles swim,
Or foam-beads sparkle over. Have ye quaffed
The waters clear that through green pastures glide,
Where they who love the Shepherd follow Him ?
Brimmed with His peace, my soul is satisfied ;
Cooled are my feverish fancies ; calmed the stir
Of dreams whose end was only bitterness.
Healed at this fount our inmost ail would be,
Did we but health above disease prefer !
My cup is filled at wells whose blessedness
A world's thirst cannot drain. Friends, drink with me !

FULNESS OF LIFE.



“That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.”

EPHESIANS iii. 19.

THE Apostle says, “Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.” What a vision he must have had! How grandly in that moment did the divine thought rise before his enrapt mind, when he so linked words together,—joining golden word to golden word, as if he fain would encompass it with a chain, seeking by combinations to express what no one word would embody. “Above all that we can ask or think!” How much can a man ask or think? When the deepest convictions of sin are upon him, in his hour of dark despondency, in some perilous pass of life, when fears come upon his soul as storms on

the Lake of Galilee, consider how much a man then asks! Or when love dwells in his soul, and makes life as full as mountains make the streams in spring, and when hope is the sun by day and the moon by night, — in those gloriously elate hours when he seems no longer fixed to space and time, but, mounting as if the body were forgotten by the soul, wings his way through the realms of aspiration and conception, how much a man then thinks! What epic can equal those unwritten words which pour into the ear of God out of the heart's fulness! Still more, those unspoken words which never find the lip, but go up to heaven in unutterable longings and aspirations.

If we dwelt more upon God's fulness, and His desire to make us partakers of it, our Christian character would be richer. There is nothing in His nature which is not measureless. The view of His plenitude will give us hope of rectitude in life, and of glorification in heaven, not because of our feeble longing, but because of God's infinite desire for us.

The New Testament opens with "Peace on earth, and good will to men"; and these were the last words that rung through the air before the vision faded: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him come, and drink of the water of life freely"; and all between these two magnificent notes rolls the anthem of God's mercy, — "*Who-soever will!*"

H. W. BEECHER.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy steeps we go
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

But not alone Thy care we claim
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er fear, and sin, and death,
O Love of God, to Thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

O Love Divine! whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from Thee!

Truth, which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within;
The Law of Love beyond all law;
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and sin!

Shine, light of God! make broad thy scope
To all that sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
With Heaven's compassion make our longings poor!
J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM the deeps of unseen glory
Now I feel the flooding light:
O rare sweet winds from Thy hills that blow!
O River so calm in its crystal flow!
O Love unfathomed—the depth! the height!
What joy wilt Thou not unto me impart
When Thou shalt enlarge my heart!

“Ye are complete in him.”

COLOSSIANS ii. 10.

As the Christian advances upon his way, a sweet and solemn sense of the unity of life grows upon his spirit. “We are complete in Him”: much of our life, if viewed in itself only, would appear purposeless and broken, yet Christ has said, “Gather up these fragments that remain, so that nothing be lost.” We learn to look at life as a whole thing; not to be discouraged by this or that adverse circumstance, remembering how much there is and will be in that life which is “like frost and snow, kindly to the root, though hurtful to the flower”; fatal to the bloom and fragrance, the lovely and enjoyable part of our nature, but friendly to its true, imperishable life.

Looking at ourselves, we may see that under a slight, sometimes a very slight modification of inward bent, or outward circumstance, we should have been far more happy, more beloved, *apparently* more useful than now; yet we may also

see as plainly, as we confess it humbly, that we have attained through all these losses, to that to which every gain is even present, appreciable loss.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the believer will find the current of his existence sweeping into a broader channel; will find doors opening upon him, doors of happiness, doors of usefulness, which will be to him a Gate of Heaven; windows opening, letting in the breath of summer upon his soul, filling it with sunshine and sweet air.

Light is good, and it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun. Yet far dearer than outward peace, far sweeter than inward consolation, is that, the ever-during stay, the solace of the Christian's heart, the imperishable Root of which all else that gladdens it is but the bloom and odor. It is to the Cross that the heart must turn for that which will reconcile it to all conflicts, all privations; which will even enable it, *foreseeing them*, to exclaim, "Yet more!"

My God, I thank Thee who hast made
 The Earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
 Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right !

I thank Thee more that all our joy
 Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
 That thorns remain ;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
 The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
 To hope for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace,
 Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest ;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast ! .

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

“O REST so true, so sweet !
Would it were shared by all the weary world !
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet,
Then lean our love upon His boundless breast,
And know God's rest !”

Frances R. Havergal,

"All things are yours ;—whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come ; all are yours ; and ye are Christ's ; and Christ is God's."

1 CORINTHIANS iii. 21 - 23.

LET the heart of man be comforted ; it cannot outgrow its Christ ; yes, let the heart be comforted in him out of its poverty and its riches alike. When we remember that Christ, in taking unto himself Man's nature, took upon him all that it would become, in how glorious and serene a light do the acquisitions of science stand ! This thought gives, as it were, music and measure to the onward march of humanity ; changes it from an outbreak of tumultuous forces to steady and disciplined progress. And if, turning from the world of action, we flash the light of this truth within the dim and many-chambered region that lies beneath it all, here also we shall discover that in Christ there is a provision, though we may not at once find it, for the growth and expansion which has made Humanity without him like a fruit too heavy for the stalk it hangs on, dragged

and trailed to dust by its very weight and splendor. Even through the wealth and apparent waste of tendrils and suckers it is now putting forth it may cleave closer, drink deeper unto Him. For all that awakens a sense of need within us draws us by so much nearer Christ.

And let us not be discouraged because the life in Christ has grown less simple than it once was. When the pressure upon faith comes chiefly from without, this very pressure forces up the life in a direct, unswerving line, like that of the palm-tree, lifting up its golden abundant crown to heaven; the same life would now resemble that of a banyan, touching earth at many points, but at every one drawing forth fresh life and vigor; less commanding in austere majesty, but more resembling the tree of prophetic vision, "a harbor for fowl of every wing." We must open our minds to this great fact, that all existence is organic: we cannot be, so to speak, one thing mentally and socially, and another thing Christianly, as if the life in Christ and the life in Adam flowed

on together yet distinct, like two unmingling currents. Men cannot see Christ at all except by light from above ; on the hill, as in the valley, we are in darkness until the dawn breaks ; but if sunrise finds us on the mountain-peak, is it not evident that the prospect its light discloses must be infinitely wider and more glorious than if it had overtaken us many degrees lower down ?

PATIENCE OF HOPE.

EVERY sun of splendid ray,
Every moon that shines serene,
Every morn that welcomes day,
Every evening's twilight scene,
Every hour which wisdom brings,
Every incense at thy shrine,—
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, all are Thine !

And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to Thy gracious throne :

Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care ;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

BOWRING

FOR the earth, and all its beauty,
The sky, and all its light, —
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight, —
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod, —
For Thy world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God !

“There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.”

ROMANS viii. 1.

SPIRITUAL life consists in walking with God. The nature of God becomes spread over everything natural and moral, outward and inward, as light is spread over the earth. We are reminded of Him always, and are never at a distance from Him ; we live in Him, we move in Him, and in Him we have our being. He is incorporated with all we admire and love and wish for ; He is the soul of our ambition, and the spirit of our joy. We hate what He hates, and what He pities we endeavor to help. The charities of His nature we copy, His works we imitate, His thoughts we meditate, His ways we strive to pursue. We are in God new creatures, we are partakers of the divine nature, we are members of Christ, we suffer with Him, we are crucified with Him, we are risen with Him to newness of life.

The eye continues to regale itself with the vis-

ion of natural scenery, and to praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men : and the ear tastes the voice of melody made in her Maker's praise : and love, and elegance, and taste, and stately mansions, and adorned fields, and flowery gardens, and feast and mirth, are enjoyed with a new relish by the spiritual man, because he is spiritual. And now he layeth on every faculty of his mind in the full scent for truth, for he would write his Maker's glory with the sunbeams of science, and draw forth His praise from the regions of knowledge. And now he gratifies his moral nature with a license never before enjoyed : he finds its food in every relation and occupation of life, and becomes a light to the blind, a help to the needy, a defence to the orphan and fatherless and unbefriended, a blessing unto all.

This spiritual life is the life of God within the soul ; it is a return of all the faculties to His neighborhood and communion, from that distance to which they were banished at the fall. The soul hath been made instinct with a constant

divinity of thought, and discharges all its functions as in the presence of God. The curse is taken off. We are restored to our heritage of life, and there remaineth for us no second condemnation.

E. IRVING.

YES, in me, in me he dwelleth ;
I in Him, and He in me !
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven :
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil hymn of even.

H. BONAR.

“They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.”

JOHN xvii. 16.

HOLINESS is not what we may do or become, in mere self-activity or self-culture, but it is the sense of a separated quality, in one who lives on a footing of intimacy and oneness with God. It supposes nothing unsocial, withdraws no one from those living sympathies that gladden human life. On the contrary, it quickens all most gentle and loving affinities, and brings the subject just as much closer in feeling to his fellow-man as he is closer to God, and less centralized in himself. But it changes the look or expression, raising, in that manner, the apparent grade of the subject, and separating him from whatever is of the world, or under the spirit of the world. He is not simply a man as before, but he is more, a man exalted, hallowed, glorified. The divine tempers are in him, the power of the world is fallen off, his words have a different accent, his acts an air of repose, dignity, sanctity, and the result is that

mankind feel him as one somehow become superior. It stirs their conscience to speak with him, it puts them under impressions that are consciously not of man alone. This is holiness, — the greatest power ever exerted by man, being not the power of man, but only of God Himself manifested in him.

Christ was no ascetic, his separation was no contrived and prescribed separation, but only the more real and radical that it was the very instinct, or freest impulse of his character. This now is what we want, — such a fulness of divine participation, that we shall not require to be always shutting off the world by prescribed denials, but shall draw off from it naturally, because we are not of it. A true Christian, one who is deep enough in the godly life to have his affinities with God, will infallibly become a separated being. The instinct of holiness will draw him apart into a singular, superior, hidden life with God. And this is the true Christian power, besides which there is no other.

H. BUSHNELL.

How every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in Thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears !

O, ever-conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold, it presseth on to Thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire !

This one petition would it urge, —
To bear Thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !

DODDRIDGE.

. . . . SOUL, breathe the awful life within, —
Feel all the glory there !

The silence throngéd gloriously,
With business how divine !
God's glory passing into thee, —
All heaven becoming thine :

The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing ;—
The mingling with Almightyness,
The dwelling by Life's Spring !

Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch !
Soul, be but inly bright, —
All outer things must smile, must catch
The strong, transcendent light.

Near thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine ;
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified,
Is not all glory thine ?

T. H. GILL.

“No man cometh unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.”

JOHN vi. 44.

Now mark how the Father draweth men unto Christ. When somewhat of this Perfect Good is discovered and revealed within the soul of man, as it were in a glance or flash, the soul conceiveth a longing to approach unto the Perfect Goodness, and unite herself unto the Father. And the stronger the yearning groweth, the more is revealed unto her; and the more is revealed unto her, the more she is drawn toward the Father, and her desire quickened. Thus is the soul drawn and quickened into a union with the Eternal Goodness. And this is the drawing of the Father, and thus the soul is taught of Him who draweth her unto Himself, that she cannot enter into a union with Him except she come unto Him by the life of Christ. . . .

It is a good way and access unto this life, to feel always that what is best is dearest, and always to prefer the best, and to cleave to it, and

unite one's self to it. First: in the creatures. But what is best in the creatures? Be assured: that in which the Eternal Perfect Goodness and what is thereof most brightly shineth and worketh, and is best known and loved.

When, therefore, among the creatures the man cleaveth to that which is the best that he can perceive, and keepeth steadfastly to that, in singleness of heart, he cometh afterward to that which is better and better, until at last he findeth and tasteth that the Eternal Good is a Perfect Good, without measure and number above all created good. Now if what is best is to be dearest to us, and we are to follow after it, the One Eternal Good must be loved above all and alone, and we must cleave to Him alone, and unite ourselves with Him as closely as we may.

Now on this wise we should attain unto a true inward life. And what then further would happen to the soul, or would be revealed unto her, and what her life would be henceforward, none

can declare or guess. For it is that which hath never been uttered by man's lips, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.

ALL my spirit thirsts to see,
Lord, Thy face unveiled and bright,
And to stand from sin set free,
Spotless Lamb, amid Thy light :
But I leave it, — Thou dost well,
And my heaven is here and now,
Daystar of my soul, if Thou
Wilt but deign in me to dwell ;
For without Thee could there be
Joy in heaven itself for me ?

Graft me into Thee forever,
Vine of Life, that I may grow
Stronger heavenward, drooping never,
For the sharpest storms that blow ;
Bearing fruits of faith and truth ;

Then transplant me out of time
Into that eternal clime
Where I shall renew my youth,
When earth's withered leaves shall bloom
Fresh in beauty from the tomb.

Life, to whom as to my Head
I unite me, through my soul,
Now thy quickening life-stream shed,
And thy love's warm current roll,
Freshening all with strength and grace:
Be Thou mine,—I am thine own,
Here and ever, Thine alone;
All my hope in Thee I place;
Heaven and earth are naught to me,
Safe, O Life of life, with Thee!

W. C. DESSLER.

“And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.”

JOHN xvii. 19.

IN Christ there is not given to us a faultless essay on the loveliness of self-consecration, to convince our reason how beautiful it is ; but there is given to us a self-consecrated One ; a living Truth, a living Person ; a Life that was beautiful, a Death that we feel in our inmost hearts to have been Divine ; and all this in order that the Spirit of that consecrated Life and consecrated Death, through love and wonder, and deep enthusiasm, may pass into us and sanctify us also, to the truth, in life and death. He sacrificed Himself that we might offer ourselves a living sacrifice to God.

The evil from which Christ's sanctification separates the soul is that worst of evils, — properly speaking, the only evil, — sin. This is our foe, — our only foe, that we have a right to hate with perfect hatred, meet it where we will, in whatever form, in church or state, in false social maxims, or in our own hearts. It was to sanctify or sep-

arate us from this that Christ sanctified or consecrated Himself. By the blood of His anguish, by the strength of His unconquerable resolve, we are sworn against it ; bound to be, or else sinning greatly, in a world of evil, consecrated spirits.

He is sanctified by the self-devotion of his Master from the world, who has a life in himself independent of the maxims and customs which sweep along with them other men. His true life is hid with Christ in God. His citizenship is in heaven. He may be tempted ; he may err ; he may fall ; but still, in his darkest aberrations, there will be a something that keeps before him the dreams and aspirations of his best days ; a thought of the Cross of Christ, and the self-consecration that it typifies ; a conviction that that is the Highest, and that alone the true Life. And that Life within him is Christ's pledge that he shall yet be what he longs to be,—a something severing him, separating him, consecrating him. For him, and for such as he, the consecration-

prayer of Christ was made. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world: sanctify them through thy Truth. Thy word is Truth."

F. W. ROBERTSON.

"PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind;
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;

"Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear;
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

"Calmer yet and calmer,
Trial bear, and pain,
Surer yet, and surer,
Peace at last to gain.

"Suffering still, and doing;
To His will resigned,

And to Him subduing
Heart and will and mind.

“Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light ;—

“Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.”

MORE life ! a prophecy
Is in that thirsty cry, if read aright :
Deep calleth unto deep : life infinite,
O soul, awaiteth thee !

“But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.”

JOB xxxii. 8.

OBSERVE what takes place in the human soul, when it is practically filled and operated by the Spirit of God. It has now that higher Spirit witnessing with itself. “Witnessing with,” — there is a kind of double sense in which the subject takes note, both of God and himself together, and is, at one and the same moment, conscious of both. He is no longer a simple feather of humanity, driven about by the fickle winds of this world’s changes, but, in the new sense he has of a composite life, in which God Himself is a presiding force, he is raised into a glorious equilibrium above himself, and is set in rest upon the rock of God’s eternity. All his powers and talents are quickened to a glow. His perceptions are cleared, his imagination exalted, and his whole horizon within is gloriously luminous.

But we do not really conceive the height of this subject, till we bring into view the place it holds in the economy of the heavenly state. All good angels and glorified men are distinguished by the fact that they are now filled with a complete inspiration from the fulness of God. It is their spiritual perfection that they are perfectly inspired, so that their whole action is in the divine impulse. All sin, all defect and spiritual distemper are drunk up or lost in the divine perfection. Their complete inspiration is their dignity, their strength, the spring of their swiftness and joy; and the Alleluia of their adoring eternity,—the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,—celebrates a reign not about them in things, nor in some third heaven above, but in them, in the more magnificent heaven of their own exalted powers and thoughts, and the glorified passions of their Spirit. Inspiration is their heaven; the Lord God giveth them light. All that we mean by the heavenly joy and perfection is nothing but the restoration and the everlasting bloom of that

high capacity for God, in which our normal state began, and of which that first state was only the germ, or prophecy. Man finds his paradise, when he is imparadised in God.

H. BUSHNELL.

LIE open, Soul! the Beautiful,
That all things doth embrace,
Shall sweetly every passion lull,
And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, Soul! the great and wise
About thy portal throng;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, Soul! lo, Jesus waits
To enter thine abode,
Messiah lingers at thy gates;
Let in the Son of God!

Lie open, Soul! in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win;

The infinite thy peace shall bless,
And God shall enter in!

O awful joy! O life divine!
O bliss too great, too full!
Earth, man, heaven, angels, all are thine,
And thou art God's, my soul!

DISCIPLES' HYMN-BOOK.

NEARER Thee, through every æon,
Every universe of thine!
Man and Nature swell one pæan,
Harmonizing chords divine.
Thine from Thee no power can sever:
Through death's veil Thy face they see;
Saved, forever and forever
Drawing nearer Thee!

“The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

PROVERBS iv. 18.

I KNOW not what should more cheer and gladden a Christian than to see his spiritual life losing everything of an exotic character ; to have it set in the open air, welcoming the wind from every quarter ; acquiescing in all things because depending only upon one. A free and sustained spirit becomes habitual to him, who, in the breaking of his daily bread, has found that Real Presence which sanctifies and glorifies our life's poor elements. When the heart has found its true gravitation, it leaves that Rest slowly and returns to it quickly ; disturbing influences will be felt from time to time, but their power is gone,—“*that which is the strongest must win.*”

A firm, assured patience grows upon the Christian, enabling him to hold upon his way, undeterred, unchilled, by whatever he may meet upon it ; enabling him also, I know not to what inner music, to build up his spirit to a strength of

calm, reliant conviction, even with the stones he finds there, as a brook lifts up a more clear and rapid voice for flowing over pebbles. The strain upon the inner life has passed over from self to Christ. The heart has grown wise, instructed, tolerant, tender with weakness, patient of imperfection.

How quiet such a life is ! how fruitful ! fruitful because it is so quiet ; it works not, but lives and grows. The uneasy effort has passed out of it ; *unresting because it rests always*, it has done with task-work and anxiety ; it serves, yet is not cumbered with much serving ; it has ceased from that sad complaint,—“Thou hast left me to serve alone.”

Such a life will seem less spiritual only because it has grown more natural : the soul moves in an atmosphere which of itself brings it into contact with all great and enduring things, and it has only to draw in its breath to be filled and satisfied. I know not how to describe the grandeur and simplicity of the state that is no longer self-

bounded, self-referring ; how great a thing to such a freed and rejoicing spirit the life in Christ Jesus seems ; a temple truly "not of this building," too great to be mapped out and measured ; too great to be perfect here : a thought for which our mortal life, — a language as yet too broken and confused to

"Catch up the whole of love and utter it," —
can find no corresponding word.

PATIENCE OF HOPE.

BEHOLD, the paths of life are ours, — we see

Our blest inheritance where'er we tread ;
Sorrow and danger our security,
And disappointment lifting up our head.

Kings unto God, we may not doubt our power ;

We may not languish when he says, "Be strong," —
We must move on through every adverse hour
And take possession as we pass along.

O ye that faint and die, arise and live !

Sing, ye that all things have a charge to bless !

If he is faithful who hath sworn to give,
Then be ye also faithful, and possess !

Count all the pains that speed thee to thy rest
Among the riches of thy purchased right ;
Yea, bind them in His name upon thy breast
As jewels for the Bride, the Lamb's delight.

And love shall teach us while on Him we lean,
That, in the certainty of coming bliss,
We may be yearning for a world unseen,
Yet wear our beautiful array in this.

ANNA L. WARING.

THE ILLUMINED GATEWAY.



The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O Thou true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day;
Thy light upon our evening pour, —
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be!

LYRA CATHOLICA.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days, —
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beautiful death ! The jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE ILLUMINED GATEWAY.

“For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?”

1 THESSALONIANS ii. 19.

ALTHOUGH we are accustomed to think of heaven as distant, of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society, of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe? Milton has said,

“Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side. Whilst we know not to what place our friends go, we know what is infinitely more interesting, to what beings they go. We know not where heaven is, but we know whom it contains; and this knowledge opens to us an infinite field for contemplation and delight.

W. E. CHANNING.

As, in some summer's morning which wakes with a ring of birds, when it is clear, leagues up into the blue, and everything is as distinctly cut as if it stood in heaven and not on earth, when the distant mountains lie bold upon the horizon, and the air is full of the fragrance of flowers which the night cradled,—the traveller goes forth with buoyant and elastic step upon his journey, and halts not till in the twilight shadows he reaches his goal ; so may we, who are but pilgrims, go forth beneath the smile of God, upon our homeward journey ! May heaven lie upon the horizon, luring us on, and when at last we sink to sleep, and dream that we behold again those whom we have lost, may we wake to find that it was not a dream, but that we are in heaven ; and may the children, for whom we have yearned, and the companions who anticipated us, and gained heaven first, come to greet us ! Then, sweeter than all, may we behold the face of the Lord Jesus, our Master, our Life, and

cast ourselves before Him, that He may raise us up with great grace, to stand upon our feet forevermore !

H. W. BEECHER.

Love craves the presence and the sight
Of all its well-beloved ;
And therefore weep we in the homes
Whence they are far removed.
Love craves the presence and the sight
Of each beloved one ;
And therefore Jesus spake the word
Which called them to the throne.

Thus heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful and blest.
The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart :
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

But who can speak the rapture, when
The number is complete,
And all the children sundered now,
Around one Father meet?
One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
One everlasting Home.—
“Lo! I come quickly”: even so;
Amen! Lord Jesus, come!

“ELIM.”

“THEY are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one:
As their weary feet pass to the shining strand,
One by one,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;
Their brows are enclosed with a golden crown,
One by one.
Before they rest, they pass through the strife;
Through the waters of death they are entering life,
One by one.”

“Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.”

2 CORINTHIANS V. 9.

WHAT, then, is that which we call *to die*? To go out like a light, and in a sweet trance to forget ourselves and all the passing phenomena of the day, as we forget the phantoms of a fleeting dream; to form, as in a dream, new connections with God's world; to enter into a more exalted sphere, and to make a new step up man's graduated ascent of creation.

Life has no value except in so far as we use it for perfecting our souls, for enriching our minds with noble qualities, and for spreading happiness around us. When we can no longer do this, when all hope of again being able to exert ourselves in this way ceases, then this life has lost its highest value, and a new existence becomes desirable.

What are the terrors of death to a noble mind? A play of the imagination, at which not the soul, but only what is earthly in us trembles. Has

not Jesus Christ conquered for us the terrors of death? Did He not open for us joyful admission to the Father, when He taught us to be perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect?

Though the body may shudder when about to be reduced to ashes again, the spirit of the righteous is at the same time seized with holy transports; for it sees throughout the universe Life only, nowhere death; it sees the mutual relations of all things, sees no link wanting in the great chain of being which the almighty hand of God has woven.

These friends, these loved ones to whom I cling so tenderly, when I part from them will it be forever? Nay, it is but separation for the length of a summer night. Their souls will remain true to mine. The kind though mysterious hand of Providence, which made us find each other in the gloom of this life, will reunite us again in the bright daylight of eternal being. The All-Holy One, in whose likeness we grow, through love and virtue, will not allow love and

virtue to fade with the dust, from which they do not spring.

If it be then my Father's will that I depart hence earlier than ye, beloved ones, whom He bestowed upon me to gladden my life, my last look will dwell upon you with tender blessings, while eternity is beckoning me away. "Weep not," I will whisper to you in my last hour; "that is not death where innocence, virtue, and holiness live. Sin only is the death of the soul. Flee sin, hold fast to God, act divinely in so far as your powers will allow, and we shall belong to each other and remain united there as here."

What attractions has this earth that should make parting from it so difficult? The desire of the righteous is to be forever growing in righteousness. This holy craving can only be satisfied after we awake in the higher existence.

And when I shall awaken into that eternal, more blissful existence;—O Jesus! Revealer of eternity! what holy transports fill my being at the thought of what I shall then enjoy! The

grave is my cradle, death is my awaking ; the
sunset of this life is the sunrise of existence in
the regions of eternity !

ZSCHOKKE.

EVERY hour that passes o'er us
Speaks of comfort yet before us,
Of our journey's rapid rate ;
And like passing vesper bells
The clock of time its chiming tells
At eternity's broad gate.

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
On a surer bond than here,
Meeting soon, and met forever :
Glorious hope ! forsake us never !
For thy glimmering light is dear.

Ah, the way is shining clearer,
As we journey, ever nearer
To the everlasting home.
Friends, who there await our landing,
Comrades round the throne now standing,
We salute you, and we come !

J. LANGF.

“O, HEAVEN is nearer than mortals think
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

“T is no lone isle in a boundless main, —
No brilliant, but distant shore
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

“I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

“The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open next in bliss ;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

“We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost ;
And those smiling faces will greet us there,
Which on earth we have valued most.”

“He is not here, for he is risen.”

MATTHEW xviii. 6.

THERE lies the garment which the earthly pilgrim wore throughout his pilgrimage, in sunshine and in storm. O what thoughts pass through the mind as we stand by the dead, — thoughts which never else occur!

Soul, purified in the furnace of affliction, thou art now with God. What is thy condition, now that the veil is withdrawn from thine eyes, — now that faith is turned into sight?

The fruit has fallen, because it was ripe. Happy soul, it was appointed thee to ripen on the earth; thou hast experienced its pleasures, its troubles, and its labors, and not in vain. All thy labors in the world were at the same time the building up of thine own soul for a temple of God. Here thou didst not belong to us, but to Him: therefore we will be grateful that thou wert so long lent us, and hold fast the good received through thee. Of thy good things thou

hast given us so much, that thou still remainest with us, we can still take counsel with thee, and thy mouth still teaches us. Nor wilt thou forget us, in the vision of the celestial light: that light is the light of love, and thy thoughts of us will be thoughts of prayer.

We have learned from thee that man can lay hold of the invisible as though he saw it, and knowing this, we cannot mourn as those who have no hope. Thou art not that which was buried; that was thy garment, and with the garment are laid aside thy troubles and tears, and when thou shalt receive it again, renewed by the hand of the Almighty, it will bear no more traces of tears.

O, when one is taken from among us who ever lived as seeing the invisible, how over his grave do our hearts unite more closely to each other, more closely to the invisible!

As we can no longer rest in thy heart, we will so much the more seek repose with thee in the heart of our God! It is our blessedness that,

when one dies who belongs to the Lord, his love draws us after him. "O, to meet again!" is the longing cry of the soul. But we know that where thou art, we can only come by the way which thou didst walk. We so often think of meeting again, as a necessary consequence of death; and yet, beyond the grave are diverse ways.

Lord Jesus, who hast taken away the sting of death, and hast brought life and immortality to light, unite in Thy eternal kingdom those whom Thou didst on earth make one in Thy love!

THOLUCK.

A PATHWAY opens from the tomb;
 The grave's a grave no more!
 Stoop down; look into that sweet room;
 Pass through the unsealed door;
 Linger a moment by the bed
 Where lay but yesterday the Church's Head.

What is there there to make thee fear?
 A folded chamber-vest

Akin to that which thou shalt wear
 When for thy slumber drest ;
Two gentle angels sitting by ;—
How sweet a room, methinks, wherein to lie !

No gloomy vault, no charnel cell,
 No emblem of decay,
No solemn sound of passing-bell,
 To say, "He's gone away" :
But angel-whispers soft and clear,
And He, the risen Jesus, standing near.

"Why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?
 The living with the dead?"
Take young spring-flowers and deck thy brow,
 For life with joy is wed ;
The grave is now the grave no more ;
Why fear to pass that bridal-chamber door ?

LYRA ANGLICANA.

"He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

ECCLESIASTES iii. 11.

OUT of this world into another my soul shall go, through death. Dear world of my birth, that I am to remember for ever and ever! I have had pain in it often, and pleasure often. And O, what have I learned in it! God, and Christ, and my immortality!

To have been of the same generation will be like having been of the same family; and, down long streets of stars we shall look upon this earth as the little home we all lived in once. Every man I part from is a soul to be met again, and every face I see is what will be bright with the light of heaven some time, and in my sight. Duty reaches down ages in its effects, and into eternity; and when a man goes about it resolutely, it seems to me now as though his footsteps were echoing beyond the stars, though only heard faintly in the atmosphere of this world, because it is so heavy.

What, then, is death? It will be a concealment of me from the world, but not a hiding of the world from me. Always there will be something of me lasting on in the world; and to the end of it the world will be known to me in some things, I think.

It is not to be estranged from this world utterly. O no! For it is to be taken into the bosom of the Father, and to feel His feelings for this world, and to look back upon it from under the light of His eyes. Death is this, and it is beauty and it is peace.

EUTHANASY.

PRAISED be the mosses soft
In thy forest pathways oft,
And the thorns, which make us think
Of the thornless river-brink,
Where the ransomed tread.
Praised be thy sunny gleams,
And the storm that worketh dreams
Of calm unfinished.

Praiséd be thine active days,
And thy night-time's solemn need,
When in God's dear book we read,
 " No night shall be therein."
Earth, we Christians praise thee thus,
Even for the change that comes,
With a grief from thee to us!
For thy cradles and thy tombs ;
For the pleasant corn and wine,
And summer heat ; and also for
The frost upon the sycamore,
And hail upon the vine.

E. B. BROWNING.

WILT thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show, —
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned, —
Saying, " What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent ;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain ;
Heart's love will meet thee again."

R. W. EMERSON.

“Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.”

JOHN xvii. 24.

“YE know not the power of God,” said Jesus to the sceptical Sadducees. •

Ye know not the power of God: ye know not what career it has opened to the emancipated soul: ye know not in what new raiment this soul may be veiled when it hastens towards Him, towards the Father; ye know not what new views of the universe may burst upon it at the moment of the great change in its condition. In like manner as a world inhabited exclusively by persons born blind, would have no language to express the varied beauties of color and form, the brightness of the heavens, or the blue tints of distance, so do we lack the faculty to comprehend, and the means to describe, the phenomena of the future life. Indeed, our language and imagery in a great measure contribute to obscure that which might be clear to us even here on earth, and give us confused

notions of that which is in itself perfectly simple. Thus the expressions "eternity," and "beyond the grave," are misunderstood by many. People frequently picture to themselves, in connection with these terms, something quite separate from our time, and existing entirely by itself; something that is to come. But eternity does not only belong to the future, it is already here. We are all living in eternity, for we live in God, and God is eternal. Earth and heaven, time and eternity, are one. We are already living in our Father's house here on earth, but we have not reached the higher grades of perfection, and are not yet there where the glory of God can appear to us in full effulgence. Thither we must be conducted by the angel of the better world, whom we call Death.

We live, but our beloved ones who have died also live; we stand weeping on this globe, floating in infinite space, but our glorified dear ones are, like ourselves, in God's world. The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence;

they are living with me at this very time; they are, like myself, dwelling in the great paternal mansion of God; they still belong to me as I to them. We are not separated. No time lies between us; for I, like them, dwell in eternity, rest in the arms of God.

God, who, through love, has bound his creatures to each other and to Himself, would He destroy this love, this divine power in the glorified soul, at the very moment that He called it into a more perfect existence? No; that which is Divine is eternal. God did not create spirits, and endow them with a knowledge of Himself, to allow them to forget Him after a brief space. He did not unite souls by the spiritual bonds of love, to separate them again forever. Therefore the bond that united us in life, O my beloved, cannot have been severed by the death of the body. I still belong to you, though you are living in some other mansion in our Heavenly Father's house. And you cannot have forgotten me, for God is

the God of love. The mutual love of souls is eternal, like the souls themselves; eternal, like God and His love. For He "is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

ZSCHOKKE.

"THE loved and lost!" why do we call them lost,
 Because we miss them from our onward road?
 God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
 Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
 Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
 That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,
 With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
 In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
 And God himself, their Lord and Judge and King.

And call we this a loss? Death makes no breach
 In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
 No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
 But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
 That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song where they broke off the strain,
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

LYRA CÆLESTIS.

HAST thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales,—
A murmur wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

W. C. BRYANT.

EARTH is our little island-home,
And heaven the neighboring continent
Whence winds to every inlet come
With balmiest scent:

And tenderest whispers thence we hear
From those who lately sailed across.
They love us still! Since heaven is near,
Death is not loss.

From mountain-slopes of breeze and balm
What melodies arrest the oar, —
What memories ripple through the calm! —
We 'll keep near shore.

Dear friend, we will not drift too far
'Mid billows, fogs, and blinding foam,
To see Christ's beacon-light, — the star
That guides us home!

THE GLORY BEYOND.



“That coming light no mortal cloud
Can quite enshroud.
Through all our doubts, above the range
Of every fear, and every change,
My faith can see, with longing eye,
The dawn of heaven on earth's dim sky
And from afar
Shines on my soul the morning star.”

BEYOND the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of fair renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
Sound over earth and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies !

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing ;
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King !

BONAR.

THE GLORY BEYOND.



“I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.”

PSALM xvii. 15.

WHAT the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness, and see him as he is. If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him by pointing to stalactites how grass, and trees, and flowers grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. But when he came up, some May morning, with

ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright, blue, and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his old abode!

So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring growths are, and where is summer, and not that miserable travestie which we call summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!

Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying! I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many

bright and lovely things, but, while I gazed, their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest; but when I behold Thee, O God, I shall be satisfied!

H. W. BEECHER.

Down below, the wild November whistling
Through the beech's dome of burning red,
And the autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below, imaginations quivering,
Through our human spirits like the wind;
Thoughts that toss, like leaves about the woodland,
Hopes, like sea-birds, flashed across the mind.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand,

Each some work sublime forever working
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish ;
Tender care, sweet love for us below ;
Noble pity, free from anxious terror ;
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand, majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

~~LYRA GALILEIA~~

W. Alexander.

“Behold, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.”

1 JOHN iii. 2.

“BLESSED are they who long for home, for they shall come home!” Thus was a man of God accustomed to say, who well knew the pilgrim life with its rough ways, its stormy days, and its sleepless nights. But must not even he who has been led by the most pleasant path through this earthly vale, repeat the same? So long as Christians must pray, “Thy kingdom come!” so long this desire cannot cease. True, the kingdom of God comes not only in the future,—it is also here, though as yet only in its commencement. The Apostle says, “We have received the first-fruits of the spirit.” If the little drops give joy, what will not the ocean give! If the first-fruits make us so rich, what will the riches of the full harvest be!

The road in the land of the pilgrimage is often so rough, that on that account we may well desire to come home. But were it not so,

can we, while in the land of the stranger, be quite free from sin? It is well if, in the fear of the Lord, we walk on from victory to victory; but do we obtain a perfect victory?

But if the kingdom of God should enter in its full power into my own heart, could I be happy so long as I must walk in a world where goodness has the right, but evil the power? No: a longing after the land of truth and glory is as natural to the Christian, as the desire for the mountains is to him who has long been compelled to live in a flat country, and yet knows what mountain air is.

“When He shall appear, we shall be like Him.” In this the human spirit rests; there is nothing greater. Already it appeared so to us, when, under the coarse garment, he concealed the splendors of heaven,—already it seemed to us that here or nowhere was to be seen the noblest form of humanity; and now the garb of the servant is laid aside, and He has put on the royal crown. And what He, the first-born

brother is, that shall we also be. If, then, He will reveal himself to me in His whole glory, will He not enter me as the unbroken sunshine, and make me wholly light, as He is?

“And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.”

THOLUCK.

“FAR out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,
Lies the fair Country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, ‘I shall be satisfied.’

“‘I shall be satisfied!’ The spirit’s yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,—
The silent love that here meets no returning,—
The inspiration that no language finds,—

“Shall they be satisfied? The soul’s vague longing,—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O, what desires upon my heart are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

“Thither my weak and weary steps are tending ;—
Saviour and Lord ! with Thy frail child abide !
Guide me towards Home, where, all my wander-
ings ending,
I shall see Thee, and ‘shall be satisfied!’”

COURAGE ! We travel through a darksome cave ;
But still, as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will reach us from the upper air,
And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
The darkness lighten more, till full of awe
We stand in the open sunshine — unaware.

R. C. TRENCH

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”

HEBREWS iv. 9.

Now blessed be Paul for that one word,—rest. It makes one feel like a child in the evening of a summer's day, and it makes one's death-bed as soft to think of as going to sleep. Rest, rest! It will be a world of rest; and so it will hardly be a world like this earth, with clouds driving over it, and with seas in it ebbing and flowing, and never still, and with winds rising and falling, and blowing now one way and now another.

Many objects in this world are what things in heaven will be like. Meadows we shall lie down in; and there will be in our ears the murmur of the river of the water of life; and over us there will be a tree of life, and through the leaves of it some rays of the light of God will shine upon us in that blessed shade; and we shall eat of the fruit of the tree, because it is for the healing of the nations; and just at first

we shall not venture to look into the full glory beyond, for we shall be only fresh out of the darkness of this earth,—

“And God will be all in all!”

He will be in the river of life, flowing alongside us; and He will be in the tree that shades us, and in the light that shines through it; and He will be in us ourselves. He will be everlasting growth of spirit in us, and He will be peace and joy. Ay, there will then be one soul of joy in us and in God. We in him, He will be in us. We shall be nerves in His infinite blessedness, and forever be thrilled with delight. And, perhaps, what is done divinely on one side of heaven will gladden us on the other; for we shall be in God, and God will be then, as He is now, glad in all things. God in us, and we in God,—this one certainty of what heaven will be is enough for us.

EUTHANASY.

“REST, weary head!

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,—
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

“Rest, spirit free,

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever with thy God and Saviour, blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!”

James Bowditch

“It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer,

People that happy land, the realm
Of Nevermore.

“Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand ;—
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land
Of Evermore.

“Very far off its marble cities seem,
Very far off, — beyond our sensual dream,
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar :
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment, — and we breathe within
The Evermore.

“They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe ;
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet car
ollings soar.

Eternal peace have they:
God wipes their tears away:
They drink that river of life which flows
For Evermore.

“Thither we hasten through these regions dim.
But lo! the wide wings of the seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;—
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade
For Evermore.”

THE land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

F. W. FABER.

“While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.”

2 CORINTHIANS IV. 18.

TRUE benevolence is not happy in itself; it is happy in the felicity of other beings; and in proportion to its strength we shall ardently desire to attain to a state of existence in which we may behold and promote the highest good, may grow in goodness, become members of an active society warmed with purest benevolence, and be entirely devoted to the designs of the merciful God. The prospect of eternal life must be inconceivably more dear to a benevolent heart than to any other being, because this heart is fixed on an object so glorious and extensive, that it wants an eternity to enjoy and pursue it. The good heart naturally allies itself with eternity. Let it behold a kingdom of endless and increasing glory under the government of infinite love, and let it be invited to press forward to this kingdom, and its benevolence will give it vigor to pursue the prize.

A good man can be quickened only by the prospect of a future world in which goodness will be exercised and displayed. Jesus will reward his followers, not by introducing them to a paradise of sensual delight, and to bowers of undisturbed repose ; but by enlarging their faculties, shedding new light into their minds, and welcoming them to a state where every excellence will be confirmed, — where they will behold God as a friend face to face, and approach the Divine majesty with new affection, — where they will accomplish the Divine purposes with increasing vigor, delight, and success, and receive and communicate more happiness in an hour or a day than they have done in the whole of their lives on earth. Here is an object worth ambition. Here is an immortality the thought of which should kindle every hope and desire, and quicken to the practice of universal piety.

W. E. CHANNING.

A **LITTLE** longer yet,—a little longer,
Life shall be thine ; life with its power to will ;
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer still,—and Heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight ;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat forever with a love Divine ;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No creature knows and lives, will then be thine.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

“Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.”

1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 12.

THE desire of knowledge God has planted naturally in us, as hunger is natural in our bodies, or the want of light in our eyes. And the eye is not a more certain indication that light is to be given, than our desire to know divine things is that we shall be permitted to know them. And the evidence is yet further increased, in the fact that the good have a stronger desire of this knowledge than mere nature kindles. It is the glory of God, indeed, to conceal a thing, but not absolutely, or for the sake of concealment. He does it only till a mind and appetite for the truth is prepared. He gives us a dim light, and sets us prying at the walls of mystery, that He may create an appetite and relish in us for true knowledge. Then it shall be a joyful and glorious gift,—drink to the thirsty, food to the hungry, light to the prisoner's cell. And He will pour it in from the whole firmament of His

glory. He will open His secret things, open the boundaries of universal order, open His own glorious mind and His eternal purposes.

Precisely what is to be the manner and measure of our knowledge, in this fuller and more glorious revelation of the future, is not clear to us now, for that is one of the dark things, or mysteries, of our present state. But the language of Scripture is remarkable. It even declares that we shall see God as He is; and the intensity of the expression is augmented, if possible, by the effects attributed to the sight,— we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. We shall be so irradiated and penetrated, in other words, by His glory, as to be transformed into a spiritual resemblance, partaking His purity; reflecting His beauty, ennobled by His divinity.

Our present difficulties and hard questions will soon be solved and passed by. Even the world itself, so difficult to penetrate, so clouded with mystery, will become a transparency to us,

through which God's light will pour as the sun through the open sky. John knew no better way of describing the perfectly luminous state of the blessed minds than to say,—and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light. They dwell thus in the eternal daylight of love and reason; for they are so let into the mind of God, and the glorious mysteries of His nature, that everything is lighted up as they come to it, even as the earth and its objects by the sun. The Lord God giveth them light.

H. BUSHNELL.

WHO can utter what the pleasures and the peace
unbroken are,
Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery
light afar,
Festive seats and golden roofs which glitter like the
evening star?

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun
at dawn they glow ;

Crownéd victors after conflict, all their joys together
flow,

And secure they count the battles where they fought
the prostrate foe.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their source their
souls they steep ;

Truth by actual vision beaming, on its form their
gaze they keep,

Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living
waters deep.

There all being is eternal ; things that cease have
ceased to be ;

All corruption there has perished, there they flourish
strong and free ;

Thus mortality is swallowed up of life eternally.

Diverse as their varied labors the rewards to each
that fall ;

But Love what she loves in others evermore her
own doth call ;

Thus the several joy of each becomes the common
joy of all.

Blessed who the King of Heaven, in his beauty thus
 behold ;
And beneath His throne, rejoicing see the universe
 unfold, —
Sun, and moon, and stars, and planets radiant in
 His light unrolled !

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors! of that city
 make me free ;
When my warfare shall be ended, to its mansions
 lead Thou me !
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of Thy
 gifts to be !

PETER DAMIANI.

“And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.”

REVELATION xxi. 1.

OF how many cheap, exquisite joys are these five senses the inlets? and who is he that can look upon the beautiful scenes of the morning, lying in the freshness of the dew, and the joyful light of the risen sun, and not be happy? Cannot God create another world many times more fair? and cast over it a mantle of light many times more lovely? and wash it with purer dew than ever dropped from the eyelids of the morning?

From our present establishment of affections, what exquisite enjoyment springs, of love, of friendship, and of domestic life! Yet, O what scenes of social life I fancy to myself in the settlements of the blessed! What new friendships,—what urgency of well-doing,—what promotion of good,—what elevation of the whole sphere in which we dwell! And the Lord God

himself shall walk among us, as He did of old in the midst of the garden. His spirit shall be in us, and all heaven shall be revealed upon us.

God only knows what great powers He hath for creating happiness and joy. That city of our God and the Lamb, whose stream was crystal, whose wall was jasper, and her buildings molten gold, whose twelve gates were each a silvery pearl,—doth not so far outshine the dingy, smoky, clayey dwellings of men, as shall that new earth outshine the fairest region which the sun hath ever beheld in his circuit since the birth of time.

The harp which the righteous tune in heaven, is their heart full of glad and harmonious anthems. The song which they sing, is the knowledge of things which the soul coveteth after now, but faintly perceiveth. The troubled fountain of the human understanding hath become clear as crystal,—they know even as they are known. Wherever they look abroad, they perceive wis-

dom and glory ; within, they feel order and happiness ; in every countenance they read benignity and love.

E. IRVING.

AND His servants shall serve Him ; and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light.

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

REVELATION.

O how beautiful that region,
And how fair that heavenly legion,
 Where thus men and angels blend!
Glorious will that city be,
Full of deep tranquillity,
 Light and peace from end to end.
All the happy dwellers there
 Shine in robes of purity,
 Keep the law of charity,
 Bound in firmest unity.
Labor finds them not, nor care ;
Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
Nothing tempt them, nothing vex ;
Joy and health their fadeless blessing,
Always all good things possessing.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there ;
Reward of grace how wondrous !
Short toil, eternal rest !
O, miracle of mercy,
That rebels should be blest !

That we with sin polluted
Should have our home on high !
That we should dwell in mansions
Beyond the starry sky !
And now we fight the battle
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And ever bright renown !

I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there, —
What pure, unfading glory, —
What light beyond compare ; —

And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly strives to image
The assembly of the saints.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

O Garden free from sorrow !

O Plains that know no strife !

O princely Bowers, all blooming !

O Realm and Home of life !

SAINT BERNARD

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !

Who doth not crave for rest !

Who would not seek the happy land

Where they that loved are blest ?

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight!

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'T is weary waiting here:
We long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see, him near,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight!

O Paradise! O Paradise!
We want to sin no more!
We want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight!

F. W. FABER.

INDEX.

A.

Adams, S. F., 89, 162.
Aids to Reflection, 7.
Angelo, Michel, 67.
Angelus Silesius, 1, 152.
Augustine, St., 8, 116.
Austin, J., 73.

B.

Baxter, Richard, 133.
Beecher, H. W., 8, 146, 184, 197, 236,
259.
Bernard, St., 107, 112, 284.
Bethune, G. W., 157.
Bonar, H., 27, 176, 212, 258.
Bowring, 208.
Browning, E. B., 10, 95, 99, 249.
Bryant, W. C., 255.
Bushnell, H., 100, 113, 187, 213, 225,
275.

C.

Canterbury, Dean of, 144.
Carter, A. E., 39.
Channing, W. E., 235, 272.
Clarke, J. F., 71, 171.
Clough, A. H., 99.

D.

Damiani, Peter, 277.
Davis, Thomas, 23.
Dessler, W. C., 219.
Disciples' Hymn-Book, 227.
Doddridge, 215.

E.

Elim, 237.
Emerson, R. W., 87, 250.
Euthanasia, 22, 146, 248, 267.

F.

Faber, F. W., 13, 46, 66, 271, 286
Fénelon, 44.

G.

Gill, T. H., 190, 215.
Grant, R., 137.
Greenwell, Dora, 151, 173.
Guyon, Madame, 42.

H.

Herbert, George, 51.
Homeward Path, 53.
Hossbach, 134.
Huntington, Countess of, 138.
Hymns of the Spirit, 122.

I.

Irving, E., 210, 280.

J.

Johnson, S., 94, 127.

K.

Keble, J., 36, 39, 106.
Krummacher, 155.

L.

L. L., 14, 20, 52, 56, 68, 70, 77, 88, 108,
128, 154, 170, 183, 196, 201, 209,
224, 228, 256.
Lange, J., 242.
Longfellow, H. W., 233.
Luther, Martin, 147.
Lyra Anglicana, 246.
Lyra Catholica, 233.
Lyra Cœlestis, 254, 261.

M.

Miles, S. E., 132.
Mission of the Comforter, 91, 123.
Munro, J. B., 174.

P.

Patience of Hope, 163, 202, 206, 229.
Present Heaven, A, 15, 74, 81, 120.
Procter, Adelaide A., 204, 274.

R.

Revelation, 282.
Reverberations, 86, 152.
Robertson, F. W., 11, 47, 64, 96, 109,
129, 139, 149, 177, 191, 221.
Rossetti, Christina, 17.

S.

Sabbath Hymn-Book, 55.
Schiller, 69.

Scudder, Eliza, 6, 18, 199, 200.
Sears, E. H., 33, 118.
Songs in the Night, 147.
Sterling, 32, 77, 115.
Still Hour, 57.
Stowe, H. B., 180, 186.

T.

Tauler, John, 3, 83, 103.
Theologia Germanica, 78, 158, 217.
Tholuck, 21, 25, 161, 167, 181, 244, 263.
Thomas à Kempis, 41, 283.
Three Wakings, 51, 153.
Townsend, C. H., 35.
Trench, R. C., 59, 98, 266.

V.

Vaughan, H., 77, 90, 234.
Very, Jones, 125.

W.

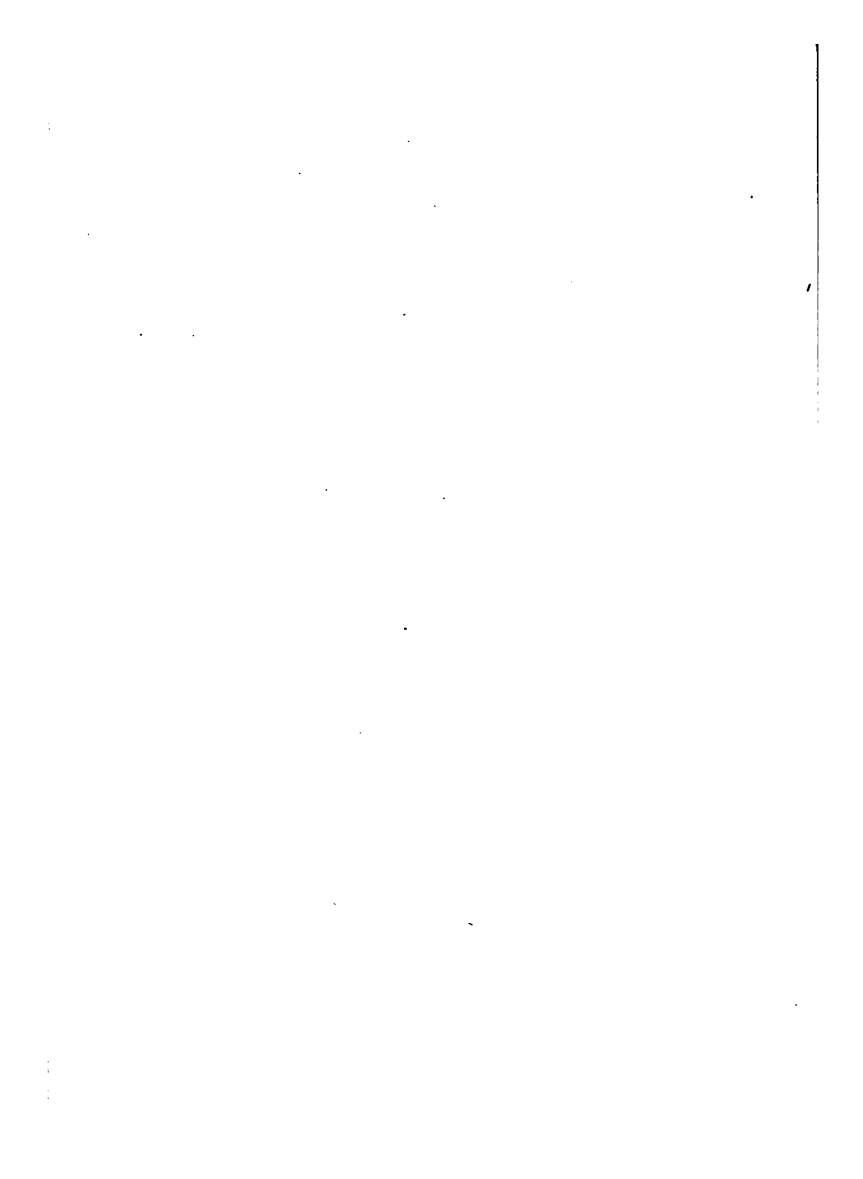
Waring, A. L., 165, 175, 193, 231.
Wasson, D. A., 195.
Whittier, J. G., 19, 105, 200.
Williams, Sarah P., 182, 183.
Wither, George, 50.
Woolman, John, 37.

X.

Xavier, St. Francis, 83.

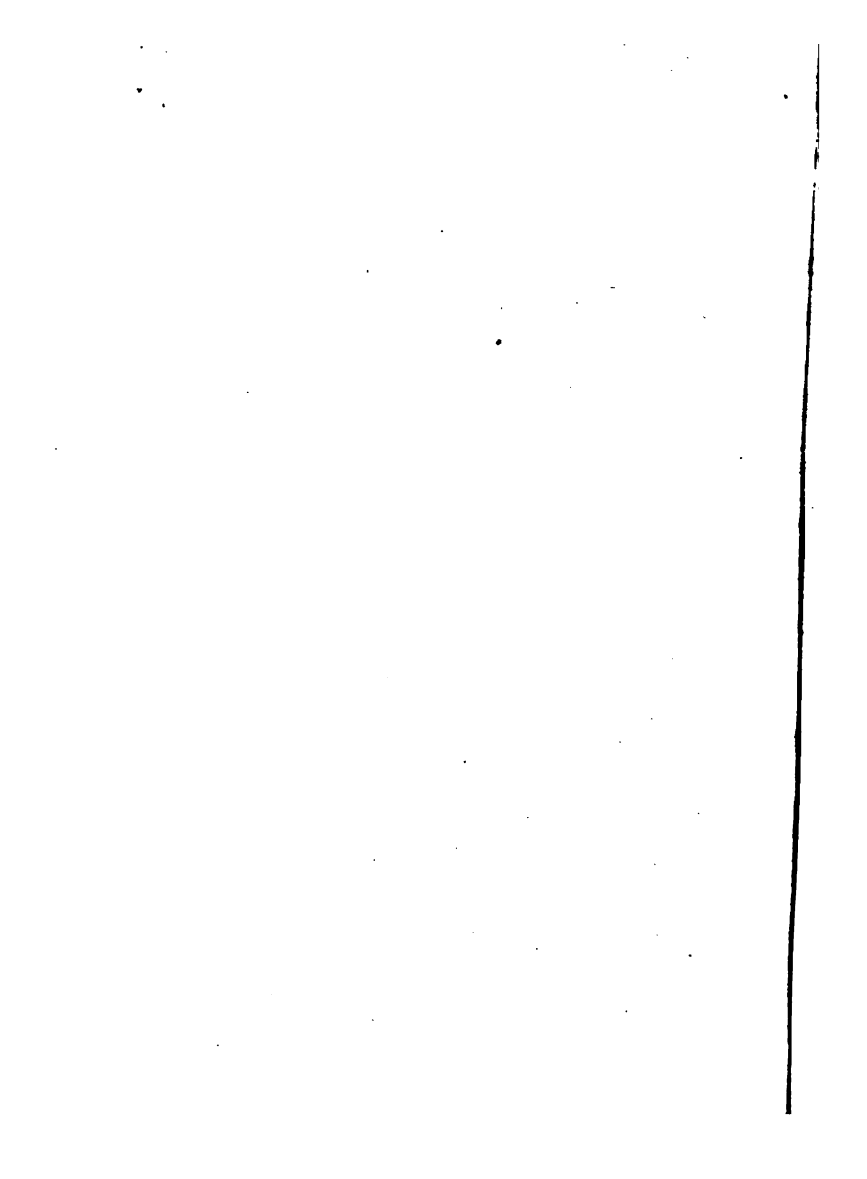
Z.

Zschokke, 29, 60, 143, 239, 251.



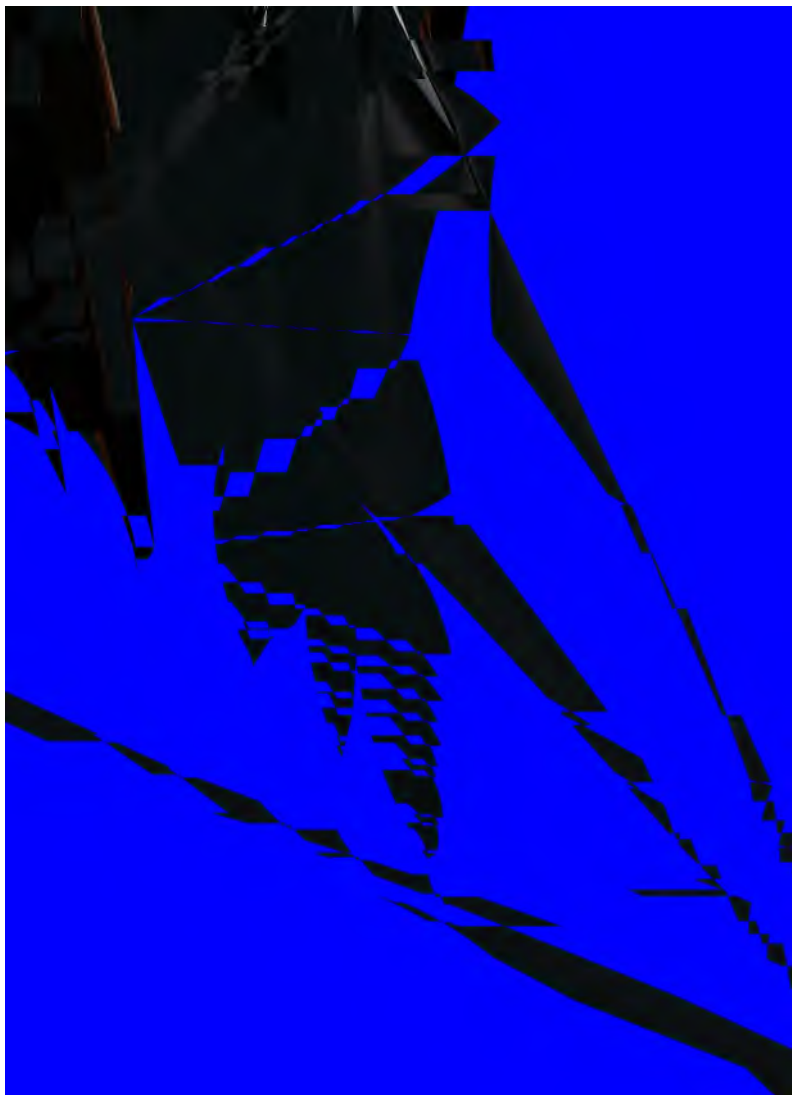












the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased in the UK (Mental Health Act 1983).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the lives of people with mental health problems. The Department of Health (1999) has set out a strategy for mental health care in the UK. The strategy is based on the following principles:

- People with mental health problems should be treated as individuals and not as a group.
- People with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to participate in decisions about their care.
- People with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to live in their own homes and communities.

The strategy also sets out a number of objectives for mental health care in the UK:

- To reduce the number of people with mental health problems who are admitted to hospital.
- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.
- To improve the lives of people with mental health problems.

The strategy also sets out a number of actions to be taken to achieve these objectives:

- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.
- To improve the lives of people with mental health problems.
- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.

The strategy also sets out a number of actions to be taken to achieve these objectives:

- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.
- To improve the lives of people with mental health problems.
- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.

The strategy also sets out a number of actions to be taken to achieve these objectives:

- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.
- To improve the lives of people with mental health problems.
- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.

The strategy also sets out a number of actions to be taken to achieve these objectives:

- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.
- To improve the lives of people with mental health problems.
- To improve the quality of care for people with mental health problems.